The Outlook

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The Outlook

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The Week in Congress

In the Senate the only important discussion of the week was on the Gorman-Culberson resolution calling upon the President to inform the Senate whether any existing additional correspondence about the Panama resolution and treaty exists, and if so to furnish it to the Senate. The debate turned upon the question whether it would be courteous to the President or susceptible of being interpreted as a lack of confidence to omit the customary clause, "if not incompatible with the public interest." The clause was finally inserted by a vote of 39 to 20—almost a strict party vote, although Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, voted against his party. The resolution was then unanimously adopted. It is understood that the proposed Republican amendments to the Panama treaty (described last week) will be dropped as unnecessary and likely to cause delay. Mr. Bacon, in speaking for his resolution advising the President to settle Colombia's claims amicably, declared that there was prevalent a rumor that Colombia would be satisfied if the United States should devote $10,000,000 to the construction of a railroad from the line of the Canal to the city of Bogota. Upon this Senator Platt, of Connecticut, commented that if this country established the policy of paying $10,000,000 as the price of peace in every case where a foreign country had a difference with this country, there would be no end of such claims. A resolution of inquiry into the conduct of Mr. Bunau-Varilla and the allegations that he promoted the Panama insurrection in the United States, and claimed to have assurance from our Government as to its future action, was introduced by Senator Stone. In the House Mr. Hemenway, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, called attention to the fact that the current estimates amounted to over $747,000,000, and that expenses must be reduced by $42,000,000 if a deficit was to be avoided. The existing surplus, which some people seem to think inexhaustible, is already pledged for the Isthmian Canal, public buildings, and river and harbor improvements. Is double mileage payable to members under the law and practice? The question here was really not (as some have thought) whether the famous microscopic interval between the regular and special sessions constructively entitled members to pay for an imaginary journey home and back, but whether the Constitution makes a distinction between a regular and a special session. The House unanimously voted not to pay itself double mileage, and by this "self-denying ordinance" renounced its claim to $145,000. Mr. Bede, of Minnesota, in a humorous political speech declared that "a little bunch of Populists in Wall Street cannot dictate the nomination of either party." He justified the ascription of Populism to Wall Street financiers and "reorganizers" by their love for "fiat values" in watered and manipulated stocks.

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The Retiring Secretary of War

February 1 marks the close of one of the most remarkable administrative careers in the history of the country. When Mr. Root became Secretary of War, the Department was demoralized by the inefficiency with which the emergency of the Spanish War had been met by his predecessor; political influence had succeeded in getting inexperienced militia officers into places whose respon-

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sibilities were too much for them; the troops had been wasted by avoidable disease and needless hardship; popular enthusiasm naturally aroused by a conflict had subsided. Moreover, the Nation was suddenly confronted with an entirely new problem—the government of island possessions which could be undertaken only by the army; in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, in each of which places conditions were different from those in the others, there was presented the alternative of anarchy or military rule; peoples who had known no government except that which was despotic had to be taught what government "for the people" was before they could learn anything of "government by the people." In the army there was disorganization, in the newly acquired islands discontent and violence, and among the American people not a few who were unable to see that the United States could undertake to supplant disorder with law without mercenary motives. It was under these conditions that President McKinley called Mr. Elihu Root to leave a lucrative law practice and set about this task of creating the beginnings at least of civilization. That those who were readiest to find fault at first are now as dumb regarding his failures as they then were dumb regarding his successes is the most significant testimony to what he has accomplished. What that has been The Outlook has related as the weeks have passed, and summarized at the time his resignation was tendered last summer. He has made of the army a better organization than it has ever been before, giving it coherence on the one side with the War Department by the creation of the General Staff, and on the other side with the militia of the several States, and has used it as a constructive instrument for transforming Cuba from a Spanish colony into a free republic, and for preparing Porto Rico and the Philippines for civil government. That this work has been done, not by a man of military training, but by a civilian, is a new justification of the American principle that the army is subordinate to the civil body and a new proof that the United States can furnish men for emergencies.

The New Secretary of War

Governor Taft, who takes up the work which Secretary Root lays down, enters upon his duties with the support of an almost unanimous public opinion. The only peril he faces is that which has been said threatens those of whom all men speak well. He was a Judge of the United States Sixth Judicial Circuit when, in 1900, he was selected by President McKinley to go as head of the Philippine Commission to investigate affairs in the islands and take charge of what was not under the direction of the army. Without in any way minimizing the services of the other members of the Commission, we think the popular judgment that Governor Taft was the real force in solving the difficult problems set before the Commission is sound. On July 4, 1901, he was inaugurated as the first Civil Governor of the islands. He has succeeded in bringing to a practical settlement the troublesome question involved in the disposition of the friars' lands; he has kept pure the civil service in the islands; he has furthered the progress of the Philippine schools; he has been instrumental, especially by appearing in person before committees in Congress, in making actual conditions in the Philippines known to the American people; he has succeeded in lessening the undue influence of unscrupulous and selfish Americans and Filipinos; he has become intimately acquainted with the people of the islands, and has made them in turn acquainted with the best type of Americans; and throughout he has gained not only the respect of the Filipinos due to his ability, but also their affection through his frank, kindly, and strong personality. Twice he has refused appointment to the Supreme Bench of the United States, although his own personal desires would have led him to accept it; the first time because of his own sense of duty to the Filipinos, the second time because of the urgent protest of the Filipinos themselves—both times from motives that did him the highest honor. Though he has left the Philippines, he enters an office where he can still help to have the Nation's conduct of Philippine affairs carried on in the interest

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and for the welfare of the Philippine people. In addition to his disinterested spirit and administrative experience, he has a further unique qualification as Secretary of War. For nearly four years he has seen the army of the United States not only in camp but in active service on the field, and has come to know American soldiers from the private to the major-general. Now, under the President, he is placed in authority over the army, which will continue to do its work in the Philippines under his direction.

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Mr. Bryan and Party Issues

Mr. Bryan's remarks on the issues of the coming campaign in New York last week and subsequently at other places have been read and commented on with lively interest because of their bearing on the possibilities of harmony between the radical and conservative wings of the Democratic party. Mr. Bryan has avowedly spoken only for himself, but it is a recognized fact that he stands for a considerable portion at least of the voters who cast their ballots in his favor four years ago. All comments on these expressions of his views seem to agree that they are the outspoken, frank, and consistent utterances of an honest man; but there is equal unanimity in the feeling that Mr. Bryan has done anything but promote the desired party harmony, and that this seems now more remote than before. As to the re-indorsement of the Kansas City platform by the coming National Democratic Convention, Mr. Bryan said: "I believe in making the platform stronger than ever." "People tell us," he declared, "that the money question is dead; it is not dead." As Mr. Bryan's utterances on the silver question have been widely misquoted, we give his exact words:

> The Kansas City platform, following the Chicago platform, declared for bimetallism, and pointed out the means of securing it. Nothing has arisen to discredit the principle of bimetallism. The increased production of gold, and the better times that have followed an increase in the circulation, have vindicated the quantitative theory of money, although the world has not yet been relieved of the necessity for silver. This Nation must be bimetallic or monometallic, and if monometallic it must consider what the effect will be if we assist in driving all the world to a gold standard, and compel twice as many people to use gold as use it now. And the ratio? If we are to have bimetallism at all, what other ratio is there than the present that is seriously supported? . . . Some, I among them, believe that the money plank, as well as the other planks of the Kansas City platform, should be reaffirmed. Let those who are opposed to this plan offer a platform which suits them. Will they indorse the gold standard outright? They dare not do it. Will they declare for bimetallism at some other ratio? They have no intention of doing so. What will they do? If they have their way, they will attempt a confidence game upon the people—they will prepare a platform so ambiguous, so uncertain, and so meaningless that, like the platform proposed by one of your New York papers recently, it would suit the Republican party as well as the Democratic party.

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What is the Main Issue?

Later on Mr. Bryan explained that he did not mean to be understood as saying that the question of gold and silver was the paramount issue in the coming campaign, but that it was still one of the issues to be considered. The broader and more pressing issue he formulated as follows:

> Shall the money-changers rule the United States? That question includes all the issues —the currency, labor, trusts, and the rest. Do you know of any measure for the benefit of the masses that the money-changers have not opposed? Free silver is only one of the relief measures. They have opposed all of them. Whenever any measure is proposed for the benefit of the masses, there is immediate opposition from Wall Street. It is all right for a party to make a fight against trusts, but how can it be effective when the Wall Street bankers, with their vaults full of watered stock, contribute to the campaign funds?

He had already asserted in his Madison Square speech that corruption in political campaigns was to be attributed to both parties, and he went so far as to say that in 1892 the Democrats spent $2,000,000 to carry New York and Indiana, and that one Trust Company contributed $175,000 to the campaign fund —a statement which has since been denied by one of the officers of the Democratic National Committee of 1892. As part of the moral issue Mr. Bryan urged a vigorous campaign against trusts, corporations, and abuses of the

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money power, and for the application of moral principles to the labor question. He would lay all the blame for foul politics on the spirit of commercialism in American political affairs:

"Will it pay?" has been substituted for "Is it right?" and, as a consequence, our legislative assemblies—city, State, and National—are becoming auction rooms, in which Governmental privileges are knocked down to the highest bidder. Is it strange that two Senators have been indicted for selling their political influence? Is it strange that Government officials and members of Congress have been interesting themselves in Government contracts? Is it strange that boodle investigations are bringing to light wholesale corruption in State and municipal government? Is it strange that those who use the Government as a business asset employ a part of their ill-gotten gains to purchase further legislation or further immunity? Is it strange that many obscure voters use their suffrage—the only political asset they have—as a source of pecuniary profit, when they see more prominent citizens using the Government for private gain? Is it wrong for the voter to sell his vote? Certainly. But he cannot sell unless there is a purchaser, and there would be no purchaser but for the fact that the Government has been turned from its true and legitimate channel and made the instrument by which some enrich themselves at the expense of the rest of the people.

When great corporations which are known to be careful and economical in their expenditures contribute large sums for the election of certain candidates, or for the support of a particular party, can you doubt that they expect and will receive a return in the way of Governmental favors?

On the very same day upon which Mr. Bryan spoke in New York, the leader of the Democrats in the House of Representatives, Mr. John Sharp Williams, positively declared, replying to a direct inquiry in Congress, that he hoped that silver would have no part in the Democratic platform. He illustrated his position by saying that he did not question the right of his forefathers to secede, but that he was not such a fool as to advocate secession at this particular time.

The Sanitary Situation at Panama

One of the indications that the United States will do the work of digging the Panama Canal in a scientific and businesslike way is the fact that already careful preliminary study has been made of the sanitary problem involved. That this is a serious element in the question is denied by no one, but prompt and thorough measures will be taken to protect the workmen and make the percentage of illness comparatively light. Unofficial reports show some encouraging facts. In the first place, that first upturning of the soil which in such a country always brings fever has already been accomplished under the French companies to a much larger extent than has been generally supposed. We learn also from the correspondent on the Isthmus of the New York "Tribune" (and we congratulate that paper, by the way, on the really noteworthy excellence of the letters this correspondent has been sending; they constitute an unusually thorough piece of journalistic work) that experts have already made a complete sanitary survey of the Canal zone, and that Colonel W. M. Black, who is watching the engineering work going on at the great Culebra cut, is "the man who cleaned up Havana" under the American occupation, while Surgeon-Major Guy L. Edie, who might be truly called the man who cleaned up Manila, has just returned to Washington with full notes as to the sanitary needs of the undertaking. Dr. Edie thinks that the town of Panama and the line of the Canal near it present no serious sanitary difficulties—pure water, a sewerage system, thorough disinfection of houses having germs of yellow fever, smallpox, and other diseases are needed, but, on the whole, the condition is better than it was at Manila. Beyond lies a hill country, naturally well drained, and with plenty of good water. At and near Colon are the greatest dangers. Colon stands on a coral island and is partly surrounded by vast impassable and unwholesome swamps. The result is thus described:

The prolific cause of disease in this division [Colon, and from Colon to Bohio, fourteen miles] is found in the low-lying ground, the entire absence of drainage, the frequency of pools, ponds, and quagmires, where mosquitoes breed unmolested; the absence of an adequate supply of pure water, and the utterly unsanitary mode of living. These conditions are of such long standing that nearly every house in Colon, as well as in the whole of the first division, is infected with the germs of yellow fever and smallpox.

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Life amid such surroundings has been, and still is, merely a question of "the survival of the fittest." There are no reliable mortality figures or percentages procurable anywhere on the Isthmus, but we know from reports, observation, and the scant records of the Colombian army, that the death-rate has been excessive in the high land as well as in the low, and especially in this division.

The Canal authorities will not only have to supply sanitary facilities and make regulations, but will have to teach the people of the country to regard them—a difficult but not hopeless task. Vigorous police and sanitary supervision over the whole zone is essential. At Colon drainage, pure water, disinfection, the destruction of mosquitoes (now recognized by every expert as fruitful breeders of yellow fever and malaria), the enforcement of reasonable diet and drinking habits among newcomers—all must be insisted upon and carried out on a large scale. Dr. Edie thinks that if twenty thousand men are engaged on the work, about two thousand will have to be carried on the sick list all the time. Fortunately, the French built a large hospital (they spent $3,000,000 on it), which will be turned over to the United States. Another, Dr. Edie recommends, should be built at once near Culebra. Despite all drawbacks and difficulties, Dr. Edie is of the opinion that disease would form even a more serious obstacle on the proposed Nicaragua route, because that is an "untamed jungle," and we should have to go through the deadly process of "subjugating the ground"—that is, stirring up the soil by first operations.

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"Original Package" Evasions of Liquor Laws

A bill which passed the last House of Representatives without division, but in some way failed to be brought to a vote in the Senate, is now, in a slightly amended form, before the Judiciary Committee of the present House, and may have a course similar to that of last year unless the temperance forces throughout the country give it vigilant attention. It is known as the Hepburn-Dolliver Bill, and provides that liquor transported within the boundary of any State, both "before and after delivery" to the consignee, shall be subject to the police powers of the State to the same extent and in the same manner as if the liquor had been made within the State. That there should be need for such an act is rather a surprising development. Originally, it may be recalled, it was taken for granted that a State could regulate the sale of products shipped into it from other States, provided it did not discriminate in favor of home producers. When the Supreme Court decided that the sale of liquor shipped from other States could not be controlled by State laws so long as the liquor remained in the "original packages," Congress passed the Wilson Act of 1890, declaring that liquor shipped into any State should, "upon arrival" in such State, be subject to the same State regulations as liquor produced therein. When the constitutionality of this act was upheld by the Supreme Court, the "original package saloons" were for a time practically stamped out; but later the Supreme Court held that liquor did not "arrive" within a State, so as to be subject to State laws, until it had been delivered to the consignee. The effect of this decision has been described as follows by Congressman W. I. Smith, of Iowa:

> Under this holding "the practice has grown up in Iowa by which a non-resident ships a large number of jugs into his State addressed to himself, and then the soliciting agent goes about selling these liquors at retail in the town, and simply transfers bills of lading, thus carrying on a retail business in that town in violation of the will of a majority of the people. . . . Under the decision . . . liquors could be kept in large quantities in the office of the express companies, and retailed from there to whoever would pay the case charges, the value of the liquor, and the cost of transportation."

Nor is this method of evasion of State laws confined to commonwealths with State prohibitory laws covering all or part of their territory. Dispensary laws, local option laws, and even high-license laws may be evaded in the same way. The present bill is receiving much of its strongest support from the South, where local option and dispensary laws cover the greater part of the territory and their execution is embarrassed by the original package trade. The advocates of the Hepburn-Dolliver Bill do not, they state, propose to keep any individual from

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importing liquors for his own use, but claim that the sale of such liquor is properly under the control of State laws. They therefore call their measure a "State's right bill."

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Educational Unification in New York

The plan for unifying the control of public education in the State of New York has been still further modified. Our readers will remember that the plan reported in our issue of January 16 was to this effect: that the Board of Regents, which now controls higher education, so far as the State has to do with it, should be reduced in numbers, and the members of the Board should have a term of nine years instead of a life tenure, and be put in charge of the whole educational work of the State; that the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, in which rests the control of the common schools, should be abolished, and instead a Commissioner of Education should be created, be named by the Board of Regents, and become the Board's executive officer. The bill reported last week changed this plan so as to make the Commissioner of Education a creature of the Legislature, but subject to dismissal by the Board of Regents, who should have the power to name his successor. The plan now being considered, with fair chance of enactment, involves a still more pernicious modification, for it provides that the Legislature shall fix the term of the Commissioner for six years, and within that period shall have the power to name his successor if the office become vacant. This means that for six years the whole educational system of the State, common schools, high schools, and universities, so far as they come under State control, may be put to the uses of a partisan politician. The plan ought to fail. The State has had the experience of having its charities "unified" into a political machine; it would be a senseless act for it to repeat the experience with regard to its schools. The original plan makes the schools subject to popular control, for it abolishes life tenure in the Board of Regents, so that the people can change the composition of the Board. The modified plan puts the schools at the service not of the people but of political leaders. The original plan should be insisted upon by all who care for the educational system of the State.

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A Home Rule Proposition for New York

As every one who has any acquaintance with conditions in New York City knows, the existence of blackmail in the police department is largely due to the fact that the sale of liquor on Sunday except by hotels is prohibited, while a great majority of the dwellers in certain parts of the city demand, not open bar-rooms, but the opportunity of buying beer on Sunday. In December the Association of Neighborhood Workers, which includes nearly all settlements of the city, investigated the saloons in propinquity to the settlements. Out of 389 saloons, 325 were open, at least to those who were known to the saloon-keepers or their employees. There was very little boisterousness. The bar-rooms were being used for quiet social gathering, and beer was being carried to the tables of families to whom its use was as familiar and unquestioned as is that of tea or coffee. All this, however, was systematic violation of law, which could go on only by the consent of the police. The purchase of this consent enforced by the police constitutes a large part of police blackmail, and the power to say what saloons shall open and what shall close constitutes a large part of the power of Tammany local politicians. As reported in our columns last week, there is now an effort being made to change this condition by giving the people the opportunity of deciding whether they want liquor purchasable on Sunday. If this opportunity were given them, the source of illegitimate revenue and political power would be largely closed; for if the people declare in favor of Sunday opening, all saloons can remain open, and none need pay either money or homage for the privilege of opening; if the people declare against Sunday opening, the demand for open saloons will be rendered to a large degree ineffective. A bill for city local option is now before the Legislature,

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It gives each borough the right to vote Yes or No; and if any borough votes Yes, the sale of liquor will by virtue of that vote become legalized "in rooms other than bar-rooms" during hours to be designated by the Mayor, the Commissioner of Police, and the President of the Borough. The bill is not ideal. The borough division is, in our opinion, too large and contains too heterogeneous a population; the limitation of the vote simply to "yes" or "no" is too rigid; larger discretion ought to be given the voters, as is given to voters now in rural communities. But the bill, even if it cannot be amended to advantage, is a long step toward the ideal, and ought to pass. It has the opposition of up-State legislators who think they represent the moral sense of their constituents, as well as the opposition of Tammany politicians who do not want to be deprived of a source of money and power. Certainly the voters of rural communities ought not to withhold from New York City the rights they themselves enjoy.

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The Right to Live

The people in New York City who use the elevated roads and the Brooklyn Bridge in the well-named rush hours have long since given up hopes of maintaining their right to comfort; they now ask whether they have the right to live and the consequent right to demand adequate protection for life and limb. What is to be considered in the investigation of the horrible death of a young woman on the Sixth Avenue elevated road last week is not merely the question as to the precise degree of fault to be attributed to the guard on the car, to the platform man, or to the woman herself, but the conditions which make such a tragedy possible. It is well known, for instance, to thousands of people that, whether or not in this case the car gate was closed before the bell was rung to start the car, precisely this thing occurs daily. The guard, George, immediately after the accident declared that the gate was open, that the car platform was so crowded that he could not shut the gate, and he was so pressed upon that he could not even ring the bell to stop the train. This was the first report made by the man who ought to know the facts best, and allegations by the officers of the company that the gate was shut, and that the victim clung to it despite the effort of the platform guard to pull her away, will be regarded with suspicion by those who have noted the exceeding promptness of railroad officials to deny damaging statements and by those who have seen time and again the exact state of things described by the car guard. It is safe to say that in no German or French city would a train be allowed to leave a station in such frightfully congested state as may be seen every night on the New York elevated roads. It may be that until the underground roads are in use it may be necessary to permit people to stand in the aisles of the cars, but the platforms should be kept clear even if some citizens are late to dinner. Doubtless the average American would prefer to take his risk and go quickly, but he ought not to be allowed to choose. Closed theater exits and crowded car platforms are alike death-traps. The general inefficiency of elevated road management may be judged of from the fact that after this poor woman was hurled to the track no fewer than six trains were allowed to pass the station before the body was rescued, and it is quite possible that she was killed by one of these later trains. To say, as does Mr. Hedley, the superintendent, that to comment on this accident is to invite a panic, that it is impossible to enforce the rule requiring the platforms to be clear, that there is no need at the station where this death occurred of guard rails such as many stations have, that there is no need of more platform guards—all this is to insult common intelligence. On the day following the elevated road disaster a woman at the Brooklyn Bridge was trampled under foot and with difficulty rescued from the rushing crowd and carried off screaming with fright and pain. And this kind of thing happens not at all infrequently. How long will the New York State Railway Commission and the city municipal authorities allow barbarous incidents like those described to recur?

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Consecration of Bishop Greer

The consecration of the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer as Bishop Coadjutor of New York at St. Bartholomew's Church, of which he has so long been the rector, on Tuesday of last week, was an unusually impressive service. More than twenty Episcopal bishops were present, and in the procession not less than five hundred clergymen found place. The laymen of the Church were also represented by some of the best-known men in New York. The service gained in dignity and impressiveness by its simplicity. There was no elaboration of any kind, in accordance with the traditions and practice of St. Bartholomew's Church. The fact that Bishop Dudley, who was to take part in the services, died suddenly on Sunday lent a touch of pathos to the occasion; and in the introduction to his sermon Bishop Doane spoke feelingly and beautifully of one who had been so long associated with the older members of the episcopate present. The consecration services, which began at eleven, lasted until nearly two, and the church was crowded to the doors by a great congregation drawn together by the magnitude of the diocese, the personal popularity of Dr. Greer, and the essential importance of the occasion. Inside the chancel the company of bishops included such notable figures, among the older men, as Bishop Hare, Bishop Scarborough, Bishop Whittaker, and, among the younger men, Bishop Lines, Bishop Brewster, Bishop Talbot, Bishop McVicar, and Bishop Mackay-Smith; Bishop Potter presided. At the close of the service the clergymen present and many of the laymen were the guests of the St. Bartholomew parish at a luncheon at Sherry's; and later there was a meeting of both clergy and laity to discuss the new Apportionment System started by the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Bishop Greer, on taking the chair, was greeted with applause so long-continued, spontaneous, and full of affection that it was impossible for him at first to find words. Dr. Lloyd, the Secretary of the Board of Missions, Mr. Wood, editor of the "Spirit of Missions," Dr. Rainsford, and Dr. Van Kleeck, Archdeacon of Westchester, took part in the discussion. In the evening, in spite of the extremely disagreeable weather, a missionary meeting held at St. Thomas's was very well attended. Dr. Greer again spoke and paid a tribute to Bishop Dudley, who was to have been one of the speakers on that occasion, and whose voice was always urging the missionary responsibility home upon the conscience of the Church. Mr. Talcott Williams, of Philadelphia, also made an address.

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The Sermon

The sermon at the consecration was preached by Bishop Doane, of Albany, whose gift for preaching on notable occasions has long made him a familiar figure on all great church festivals and services. The significant part of his address, which gave the profoundest satisfaction to the great majority of his hearers and most admirably interpreted the spirit of Bishop Potter's administration of the Diocese of New York, and the spirit with which Bishop Greer has inspired St. Bartholomew's parish, is to be found in these words:

> For one, I welcome with all my heart and all my hopes the growing spirit in the Church to-day of reconciliation and of recognition. The day is past and gone, it seems to me, when men cannot be sure that they are asserting truth unless they do it in the way of denying and denouncing error, or when the only satisfactory assurance of what one possesses himself is found in declaring that some one else does not possess it.
>
> When unity is won, it will be, not by pride in apostolic succession, but by the humbleness of the apostolic spirit; not by insistence upon catholicity as meaning merely, what it does in part, an unbroken hold upon the authority of the past, but meaning still more the universalness of full sympathy with the age in which we live, and a larger outlook upon the wide future of the wide world; not by the denial of grace in sacraments not ministered by men episcopally ordained, but by manifestations of the holiness which the grace of these sacraments breeds in ourselves.

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Wage-Earners' Opinions of the Church

An interesting expression of workingmen's views of the Church was elicited recently by the pastor of a downtown church in New York. Over seventy-five men, whose occupations ranged from packing corn-

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starch to running a tugboat, attended a dinner given by the Rev. H. Roswell Bates, pastor of the Spring Street Presbyterian Church. A Hebrew printer declared that most non-Christians were decidedly indifferent to the Church. An engineer thought that ministers ought to wear clerical dress; for, he inquired, how can workingmen pay special respect to a minister if he does not know a minister when he sees one? A packer of cornstarch begged to differ with this opinion:

I have had dealings with ministers in three of the toughest wards of New York. A minister came one time dressed in his clerical coat while I was at work, and I was so embarrassed I did not know what to say. For fear he would speak to me about the Church I hurried him upstairs, where I was not so well known, and for weeks after every man and woman in the place teased me because my "parson" had called; and if it had not been for the clothes I wouldn't have cared. The average wage-earner cares nothing about the minister's wearing his collar hind-side before with a high-cut vest, and above all things hates a dude. The real appeal is in the man himself, whether or not he is agreeable and companionable. I praise those churches whose members are friendly and cordial, characteristics which attract the wage-earner—for the lack of such spirit is driving them away. Now for a piece of advice to ministers: "Don't inquire too much into the past of any man who is starting out to attend church."

When a vote was taken, there were only two dissenting from the opinion that a minister has the most influence who dresses like other men. The discussions revealed decided opinions that the wage-earners class all rich men in the same category—judging them, as one of the speakers said, by the accounts of dinners where monkeys are actually brought to the table, luxurious banquets and weddings, and high living, which appear in the daily papers; that gifts to libraries and to colleges do not constitute a good use of wealth; that the Charity Organization Society (one of the most efficiently managed of charitable associations) does not fulfill its purpose; that ministers go to churches which pay the highest salaries; and that fresh-air work and floating hospitals are the best objects for the gifts of the wealthy. Such an expression of opinion indicates, on the one hand, points on which many if not most wage-earners are subject to misapprehension, and on the other side faults in the church and in philanthropic organizations that need remedy.

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America and China

According to advices from Chifu, reporting military preparations in China, the Government of that country seems notably surer of itself since the ratification of the Americo-Chinese and the Japano-Chinese Treaties. The provisions of these treaties include some points concerning which the Japanese have been diplomatically contending with Russia—the upholding of Chinese territorial and administrative integrity in Manchuria, and the establishment of the open door of commerce, not only on the Manchurian coast, but at one point in the interior. Consequently, the treaties make Manchuria less valuable to Russian ambition, political and commercial. Some observers claim that Russian trade cannot compete with American trade if Manchuria is to enjoy the benefit of the "open door," but this opinion is hardly justified by the reports of Mr. Miller, American Consul at Niuchuang, long the only treaty port in Manchuria. To the new treaty ports provided for by the Americo-Chinese Treaty, Antung on the coast and Mukden on the Liao River, Messrs. Davidson and Cheshire, as American Consuls, are to be sent immediately. Though these men have had long experience in eastern Asia, to assist them the State Department has authorized the detail of a student interpreter to each place. Some years ago Congress made provision for the training of a number of young men in the Chinese language. There are now seven under instruction at our Legation in Peking. The experiences of the American consuls in Manchuria will afford a test of Russian sincerity. The Russian Government has entered a formal denial with the State Department of the authenticity of the interview ascribed to Mr. Plançon, the Russian diplomatic agent at Port Arthur, wherein he declared that Russia would obstruct the admission of the new American consuls to Manchuria. We heartily welcome the formal statement of the

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Russian Foreign Office that it will adhere to the pledges concerning Manchuria given to the American Government by Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador at Washington.

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Japan and Russia

Now that the Manchurian "open door" has been conceded, Russia will, we believe, show an accommodating spirit in arrangements to be made to insure the success of the Americo-Japanese policy, even though such a spirit may not be shown by Russia's unwillingness to concede to Japan the unrestricted admission of foreigners, which would permit the establishment of foreign settlements such as exist at Shanghai and Hankau, for instance. Regarding Korea, Russia is understood to have withdrawn her absurd pretensions. She still insists on one point, however, and one which is of prime importance to her. She declares that Japan's privileged position shall not carry with it the control by Japan, through fortifications on the Korean side, of the Korean Strait, thus checking the free, direct sea-passage between Siberia and Manchuria. "Would not such fortification," the Russians very naturally ask, "prejudice the interest of all the maritime powers?" In our opinion, these differences can be arranged diplomatically. But there is one of far greater importance, which Russia has evaded since 1895, when, with Japan in possession of southern Manchuria, the Russians declared that "the integrity of China" compelled them to press Japan to give back southern Manchuria to China. Japan did so. A year later Russia herself was occupying southern Manchuria! It is not surprising, then, that Japan asks now for written guarantees. Japan presses Russia not alone for an agreement to the original Japanese demands—the Russian recognition of Chinese and Korean integrity, of Japanese commercial rights in Manchuria, and of Japanese commercial and political preponderance in Korea. Japan insists, and with right, that Russian agreement in these demands shall be other than in the verbal form often used whenever a government does not wish to be irrevocably held to them. Japan requests a written treaty. To this a high Russian official replied last week: "In Korea we have granted practically everything. In Manchuria we already recognize the treaty rights of Japan and the other Powers. Russia has declared her intention not to annex Manchuria; therefore why comply with a demand that is tantamount to a humiliating reiteration of a former voluntary declaration?" The whole case is there. Why should it be "humiliating" to Russia for the nations to hold her to her promises, whether they are "voluntary declarations" or not? At all events, Japan expects so to hold her; otherwise the diplomatic conflict may give place to one of arms. Japan does not desire the latter conflict. If she must fight, however, she wishes to fight now, when she is ready and when she knows that every day's delay is of advantage to Russia. We believe that the Russians are really more reluctant to begin hostilities than are the Japanese, and that they will endeavor first to exhaust every diplomatic resource. If a war comes, it will, we think, be the work, first, of those in the Russian Government who see in such a crisis a chance for personal aggrandizement, and, secondly, of those who believe that national aggrandizement demands the absorption not only of China by Russia but ultimately of all Asia.

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War Preparations

Japan's arrangements last week for a possible war were largely financial—the issuance of a domestic bond issue of $50,000,000; the doubling of the land, income, and sugar taxes; a suspension of all public works not urgent; finally, a retrenchment in administrative expense. All these decisions met with popular approval; the total increase in annual revenue from them is no less than $40,000,000. The Mikado himself is a personal subscriber to the new bond issue. It will increase the national debt by nearly one-sixth. Irrespective of these resources, the Government can command about $100,000,000 in cash—certainly a far smaller sum than Russia's cash reserve. But the Japanese are really better off than Russia financially, as their debt is very small in compari-

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son. If war must come, Japan's expenses would also be but small compared with Russia's, owing to the latter's enormous distance from her base of supplies. Not only Russia proper but America is drawn upon for supplies for the Russians. Last week three special trains arrived at San Francisco from Kansas City and Omaha with over three million pounds of mess beef for the Russian army. The Russian navy will almost equal the Japanese in numbers as soon as the ships now on the way reach Manchurian waters. In Manchuria itself the Russians have been as busy in the construction of a telegraph line to the Korean frontier as have the Japanese beyond that frontier in the completion of the trunk-line railway for which they have a concession. Russian fears that, in case of war, the first Japanese objective would be the cutting of the Manchurian railway are confirmed by the report that bridges on that route have already been found mined, and that, disguised as Chinese laborers, many Japanese are already working on the railway. Russia has now in Manchuria at least half as many men as Japan proposes to mobilize. Man for man, unarmed, the average Russian may possibly equal two average Japanese. It is possible, however, that, armed, the average Japanese may be found to equal two Russians.

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Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire

The text of the recently published correspondence between Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire has now reached this country. The Duke is President of the Liberal-Unionist Association. He is the greatest Whig noble in England. He is one of Edward VII.'s intimate friends. His opinions carry weight quite irrespective of party lines. These opinions have rarely been original or striking; they have always been very carefully considered. The published correspondence, extending over two months, justifies the Duke's reputation. In 1886 he and Mr. Chamberlain, together with other Liberals who could not follow Mr. Gladstone's Irish Home Rule or "separatist" policy, founded the Liberal-Unionist Association. With characteristic audacity, Mr. Chamberlain recently attempted to obtain control of this still powerful Association and its funds to further his protectionist campaign. In this he opposed the free-trade element represented by a majority of Liberal-Unionists. As the head of the Liberal-Unionist Association maintained to resist Irish separatism, the Duke of Devonshire stoutly resisted any attempt to pervert the Association's energy or money from the purpose of its being. He may not be so brilliant a letter-writer as Mr. Chamberlain, but in his protest against the latter's pretensions he stands on impregnable ground. He has also been making some anti-Chamberlain speeches quite equal to his opponent's in vigor. The Duke described Robin Hood and the merry men of Sherwood Forest as real protectionists. "They took spoils from the rich in order to give to the poor." On the other hand, "protectionists of the Chamberlain type propose to tax the poor for the benefit of the rich."

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Armenia and Albania

American troubles in Armenia have been serious enough at Van, Harput, and elsewhere. Erzerum is now added to the list. The American College for Girls at the latter place has been recently housed in a fine modern building, valued there at $10,000. This would correspond to about $30,000 here. The building has just been destroyed by fire, which, according to the despatch from Constantinople, is believed to have been of incendiary origin. The school was attended by about a hundred and fifty girls, under the charge of Miss Agnes Lord. Turning to Turkey in Europe, a despatch from Salonika announces that large reinforcements of Turkish troops have been sent into Albania and Macedonia. This is due to the news that several thousand Albanians had closed the roads in their province so as to check the progress of the new international gendarmerie organized under the Austro-Russian reform scheme. The Turkish Government has now notified the Austrian and Russian embassies at Constantinople that the

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Macedonian revolutionary committees have arranged with the Albanians, in return for liberal rewards, to have them kill every foreign officer sent into the Turkish provinces in connection with the reorganization of the gendarmerie. Thus, whether in Asia or in Europe, the Turk's rule means misrule.

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An Italian Students' Congress

At Rome recently a Congress of Students was held for the purpose of discussing moral and religious questions. Delegates were present from the various Italian universities, and also from Switzerland, Belgium, France, Spain, Portugal, and America. Mr. Meyer, American Ambassador at Rome, presided at the opening session, and the opening address was delivered by Mr. John A. Mott, of New York, Secretary of the World's Students' Christian Federation, and well known as organizer of the students' movement in America and in different countries of Europe. Mr. Mott's endeavors have been among the most interesting ever put forth for moral and religious regeneration. We trust that the movement now inaugurated in Italy may be followed by the success which has attended similar endeavors in other parts of the world.

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Political Candidates

The Republican Nominee

The nomination of Mr. Roosevelt by the Republican Convention in June next seems to us to be as certain as anything future can be in politics, in which all things are somewhat uncertain. We predicate our belief on the fact that he unmistakably has the public sentiment of his party behind him; that in every important step he has taken he has been sustained by his party, despite much serious opposition from certain party leaders. Before he was Governor of New York State he adopted Civil Service Reform, and practically and vigorously maintained it, and no balking by machine leaders has availed to prevent the steady progress of that reform in National politics. As Governor he urged the taxation of public franchises, and brought down upon himself the wrathful opposition of certain public corporations and corporation representatives in State politics; but the measure went through, the Court of Appeals sustained it, and the suggestion of repeal has died without even an effort to realize it. He pressed upon Congress Cuban reciprocity, and the vigorous hostility of the beet-sugar interests was able only to delay but not to defeat the measure. He insisted on some anti-trust legislation; the unconcealed hostility of certain politic politicians who denied the wisdom rather than the justice of the measures proposed did not avail to prevent Congress from enacting them. He urged the promotion of General Wood, and, notwithstanding as bitter and prolonged a fight against it as so influential a Senator as Mr. Hanna could make, the promotion may now be regarded as assured. He took action in Panama which brought upon him a flood-tide of criticism, much of it independent and some of it Republican as well as Democratic; but all indications point to the ratification of the treaty with Panama and the early commencement of operations upon the Canal. We do not recall any important measure that he has advocated which has not aroused opposition, generally from influential men, nor one—with possibly a single exception—which has not been accepted by his party and adopted as a part of its programme. That exception is his advocacy of a Commission to revise the tariff in order to meet present conditions; but the end of that recommendation is not yet. From these indications, far more than from resolutions of conventions or utterances of leading Republican journals, we judge that Mr. Roosevelt has the great bulk of his party behind him. And American political history indicates very clearly that when a candidate has the bulk of his party behind him, political leaders, who appear to determine nominations, have no choice but to carry out in their conventions the will of the rank and file.

It is true that Mr. Roosevelt has made bitter enemies. Against him can never be uttered the condemnation, "Woe

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unto you when all men speak well of you." He has a character which makes warm enemies as well as warm friends. Few men are neutral, few men indifferent, concerning him. The enthusiasm which Mr. Riis, in his life of Mr. Roosevelt, shows for his friend could doubtless be matched by a hostility as enthusiastic in those to whom Mr. Roosevelt is *persona non grata*. He talks with a freedom which is almost an abandon, and there are always plenty to report and some to misreport so free a talker. He hates covetousness, and his abhorrence of it has inspired a prosecution of grafters and corruptionists which has enlisted the hostility not only of those whose profits are cut off and whose reputation is blackened, but also of those, and their name is legion, who look on such offenses with indifference if not with complacency, and who think the remedy for corruption is not to expose it and cast it out, but to cover it over and conceal it. His insistence that law shall protect the public from respectable oppression by capitalistic monopoly, and that the law shall be enforced against the multi-millionaire, has aroused the bitter hostility of a considerable class of men who object to any action which curtails their power, as all men possessed of unlimited power always have and probably always will object. Special interests imagining themselves endangered by his policies—as the beet-sugar manufacturers by Cuban reciprocity, or formerly exempted corporations by his franchise tax—are hostile to him alike for what he has done and what they fear he may do. There is serious objection to him in the army, not only from men whom he has passed by in his disregard of the principle of seniority, but from others more disinterested, who merely believe that personal favoritism has become the basis of promotion in the place of political favoritism. Finally, that considerable body of men who dread any departure from traditions, not knowing whither departure may lead, are afraid lest the future action of Mr. Roosevelt may prove dangerous, though they can hardly deny that his actions in the past, even when they have departed from traditions, have proved safe. They are not able to point out any immediate disaster to the country from the creation of the Coal Commission or the prompt recognition of Panama, but they have a dread lest these shall prove precedents which will somehow lead on to future peril, not now very clearly seen or even very clearly defined.

It is not to be doubted that these elements of opposition to Mr. Roosevelt are some of them singly influential in the inner councils of the party; taken together they might constitute a formidable opposition to his nomination, were it not that only one of them, the last, can be openly avowed. It is impossible for any man to make his own personal dislike to Mr. Roosevelt, or Mr. Roosevelt's vigorous prosecution of the grafters, or his call for the prosecution of the Northern Securities Company after the Court to which the case was presented had declared it illegal, or his demand for anti-trust legislation after it had been adopted as a principle by both parties, or his urging on Congress generous trade arrangements with Cuba and the Philippines, an avowed ground of antagonism to him. Criticism of one recommendation for promotion, whether justified or not, hardly affords a basis for arguing against his renomination. The party is too clearly committed to his Panama policy, and it is too clearly acquiesced in if not approved by the country, to make it possible to use that policy as an argument within the party against him. The only reason avowed, though it often conceals the reason really entertained, is the charge that he is impetuous—though, curiously, the same journal which condemns his celerity of action in Panama applauds it in China. No one has yet been found willing to be offered as an alternative candidate. In succession the names of Hay, Root, and Taft have been suggested, but none of these men are taken seriously as candidates, not because each one of them would not make an admirable President, but because this country is quite sure that no one of them would allow his name to be used against his chief. And though Senator Hanna's name is still talked about, and his disavowals are in certain quarters received with suspicion,

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we can see no good ground for the doubt cast upon them. Doubtless Mr. Hanna is pleased to have his name suggested, as who would not be? Doubtless he is glad to have his admirers constitute as large a body-guard as they will, for, apart from his special reasons for desiring political prestige and power in Ohio, it would be strange if he were not glad to be reckoned with by the future administration as a real political power. But we believe that he is quite in earnest in his reiterated declaration that he does not desire and will not accept the nomination for the Presidency, and that his name cannot be used with his consent to divide the party to which he belongs and in which he is so influential a counselor.

For these reasons, unless some extraordinary and now unlooked-for events occur between this writing and June next, we look for the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt, if not by acclamation, at least without apparent serious opposition. As to the nomination of a Democratic candidate there is much greater doubt. We reserve for next week some reflections on that party and the probabilities of its action.

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Japan and Russia

It is probably a mistake to suppose that Russia really wants war with Japan. Russia wants an ice-free port on the Pacific. She wants an uninterrupted Pacific coast line. She wants new trade. But will she fight for these?

The best Russians—men like the Czar and Witte, for instance—do not seek war. They mean that their country shall become great and self-supporting, but they see no reason for any other external development than that which can be arranged by diplomacy. In the present exigency they are the friends of peace; first, because convinced that Russian prestige and power in Asia are not worth the price of a war presumably long, terribly destructive, and far more costly to Russia than to Japan, owing to the vast distance over which Russian troops and supplies must be transported; secondly, they are the friends of peace because they see that Russia is in vital need of that industrial, commercial, educational, and social development which a war would grievously interrupt.

Conversing recently with a friend, Sergius Witte, late Finance Minister, said: "We do not want mere promoters and speculators here. We want people who will stay with us and develop the country. There is a greater chance for a real American organizer, properly accredited, in Russia than anywhere else in the world." "Yes," replied his visitor, "but for that you need to reform your politics." "Why?" replied the Finance Minister; "for every emergency we can at once frame a law and put it into operation, and our people immediately obey it." "But the people are not represented. Their rights must be safeguarded by a more popular government." Not such a man, but Plehve and Pobiedonostsev—the Minister of the Interior and the Procurator of the Holy Synod—are back of the tyranny in Finland and in Transcaucasia; they may have been back of Kishenev. They have been thought to be in the ascendency because Sergius Witte, known to oppose the present Russian course in Finland, was removed from the Ministry of Finance and "kicked upstairs" to the Presidency of the Council. But he laughs best who laughs last. Perhaps the President of the Council may also be made Chancellor of the Empire. Perhaps, with his exact understanding of the finances involved, he may still supremely influence the Czar in the decision of that momentous question, Shall Russia fight Japan?

It is true that Russia has long been regarded as a Great Power. It is true that Japan has just attained that dignity. Yet Japan's commercial marine is much greater that Russia's, and so is Japan's ability to raise a loan. More important still, Japan has proportionately three times as many children in elementary schools as has Russia. Russia's three times Japan's population, Russia's fifty times Japan's territory, sink into deserved insignificance beside this impressive educational fact. In trade and education Japan is outdistancing Russia. War would not help but hinder Russia in that race.

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While the real aggressor in the Russo-Japanese crisis has been Russia, not Japan, the aggressor has represented the reactionaries who whisper to the Czar that a war would defer a political and social crisis. "But a war would precipitate this very crisis," say the wiser and more far-seeing counselors. These will be joined by many sincere American friends of Russia in urging upon the Czar—the creator of the Hague Peace Tribunal—not to enter upon a war with Japan. On his side this war could only be one of conquest; on the side of the Japanese it would be a fight to uphold historic territorial and commercial integrities, not only for themselves but for all the world.

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Halt!

Three service pension bills are now before Congress. One, which is said to be strongly urged by the Grand Army of the Republic, provides that every survivor of the Civil War who served ninety days and has reached the age of sixty-two years shall receive a pension of twelve dollars a month, and every widow married to a soldier prior to June 27, 1890, shall receive the same pension. Representative Sulloway, Chairman of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, has introduced a bill which proposes to give to each soldier who served ninety days, and has reached the age of sixty-two years, eight dollars per month; sixty-six years, ten dollars per month; and seventy years, twelve dollars per month; it gives to soldiers who served two years more an additional increase of two dollars per month; it provides that the pensions of widows who married soldiers prior to January 1, 1870, and who are now on the rolls drawing eight dollars, shall hereafter receive twelve dollars per month; and it gives an increase to the men who served ninety days, with further increase to the men who fought through the entire war, and increases the pensions of the widows who married soldiers during or immediately following the war. A third bill, introduced by Representative Loudenslager, of New Jersey, Chairman of the Pensions Committee of the House, aims to combine the features of both these measures, and provides a pension of eight dollars per month for all surviving participants who saw ninety days' service during the Civil War, regardless of their age; ten dollars per month to all who have passed sixty-two years; and twelve dollars for those who are sixty-eight years of age or who had three years of service. This arrangement is also to apply to the widows of soldiers.

At first little attention was paid to the various schemes for still further increasing the pension list; but later reports indicate that a very serious effort will be made to secure definite legislation during the present session; and the impression prevails in Washington that the sentiment in favor of the service pension bill is rapidly growing in the House of Representatives. Great pressure has been and will be brought to bear on Representatives to secure the passage of such a measure. A committee of the Grand Army of the Republic has been in Washington urging the adoption of some such measure upon the members of the House, and, it is believed, upon the President. The appeal which such legislation makes to Congress is always a strong one, and, for evident reasons, a difficult one to resist. It is a great misfortune, moreover, that the party in opposition cannot effectively criticise or oppose such measures. Mr. Cleveland fought the evil tendencies of the pension system with characteristic persistence and courage; but the Democratic party has always been at a disadvantage in dealing with this kind of legislation, and its policy has been to accept what it could not oppose without exposing itself to a very effective kind of criticism.

This is a misfortune for the country, because the service pension, although it has been a part of our legislation in the past, is thoroughly vicious in principle. Any attempt to oppose pension legislation is always met by the declaration that the opposition is unpatriotic and lacking in gratitude to the men who served their country in a time of great peril. This criticism has always been used and always will be used, not only by men whose convictions are behind it, but by a still greater number of men

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who use it in the spirit of demagogues. This country has never been ungrateful to its soldiers. It is a rich country, with immense resources, and it is under incalculable obligations to the men who fought in the Civil War; but because it is rich and grateful the integrity of its action in such matters as this ought to be more carefully guarded. Very great discredit has been brought upon the veterans of the Civil War by the persistent hunting for pensions which has characterized many of those whose records during the war were of the briefest and whose claims since the war have been the most extensive and vociferous. As a rule, men who fight best say the least about it, and those who love their country most devotedly are the slowest to exact payments for their patriotism.

The principle of the pension service is vicious because it is an attempt to put a cash valuation on service of country. No nation ever yet paid for such services as were rendered by the soldiers of the Civil War, and no country expects to. A country asks men sometimes to give up their lives for it as a sacrifice. To attempt to pay for this sacrifice would destroy at a blow the sublimity of the service, the beauty of the devotion. The men who served during the Civil War were paid at the time as much money as the Government could afford to pay. They were asked to do something out of loyalty and devotion; they did it, and their record has gone into history. It is an insult to these men at this late day to attempt to pay them for what they did, and nothing could be worse for the morale of our citizenship than the diffusion of the idea that every man who does anything for his country must be paid for it, and his widow after him. Men owe services to their country which they are expected to discharge as a matter of duty and not as a matter of commerce. Their country offers them opportunities of self-sacrifice which are among the most precious things which it puts in their way. To pay them for sacrifice is to eliminate the noble element from it and to turn what should be one of the purest expressions of patriotism into a commercial transaction. If the United States has any more money to devote to pensions, let it be given where it belongs—to men who are actually disabled by their service and who need the help of the Government because of physical injuries received in the discharge of public duty. These men cannot be paid too much consistently with the resources of the country; but to add another army of able-bodied men to the great roll of our pensioners, and to increase the financial burdens of the Government by the sum of at least $40,000,000 a year, will still further cheapen the pension list, and will undoubtedly lead to further legislation in the same direction. When and where will this legislation stop, and this enormous drain on the public resources come to an end? If the service pension is granted to all men who saw any service, however brief, in the Civil War, it must be granted also to the men who had anything to do with the Cuban war, and a precedent will be established which will make a drain which even this country could not stand, and which will turn the natural generosity of a country into a vast system of public charity. Mr. Lincoln said that it seemed to be the intention of one-half of the American people to live on the other half.

It must not be forgotten, moreover, that a great sum of money is involved. Congress was notified the other day by one of its best-informed members that there must be a reduction of the appropriations of the year by at least $40,000,000 if a deficit was to be avoided. A service pension, if adopted, would involve an increase of at least $40,000,000 a year, at a time when our revenues are decreasing and the condition of the treasury calls for vigorous and courageous retrenchment.

There is another side of this public question which has not generally received attention, and that is the unfairness of further increasing the burdens of the South. The war ended more than a generation ago. The principles for which the Federal armies fought have been finally established; the sincerity and integrity of purpose, the devotion and courage, of the South are universally recognized in the North; sectional feeling

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has almost entirely disappeared, national feeling has taken its place. The South has borne tremendous burdens and is still bearing them as a result of the war; it is unfair to that section to make another great addition to those burdens.

The demands for legislation in favor of service pensions ought to be resisted by Congress in a spirit of courage and patriotism. Such demands ought to be defeated as a matter of patriotism; those who care most for the reputation of the veterans of the Civil War ought to oppose them. All the pension attorneys, the professional patriots, the thousands of men whose connection with the war was of the slightest and most unimportant kind, but whose declarations of heroic service and of unselfish patriotism are most insistent, will clamor for this legislation on the ground that the country owes it to the men who fought for it. The country owes to the men who honestly and patriotically fought for it more than it can repay, and more than it ought to try to repay; but to put their service on a money basis would be to degrade those services.

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The Spectator

The Spectator has had two or three sets of cousins visiting in New York lately, and has helped them to see the sights. The song runs, "There's only one New York!" but nothing is more misleading than this fond assertion as applied to the New York of the stranger and the pilgrim. The native New Yorker learns to realize this as he leaves his own settled standpoint and sees his own city through the eyes of what might be called the "City Week" contingent. The Spectator's first set of relatives, for instance, were serious-minded. They began their revel with the Metropolitan Museum, and ended it with the Aquarium. The Museum of Natural History, the Bronx Zoo, Grant's Tomb, the Stock Exchange, the Statue of Liberty, the Brooklyn Bridge, Central Park, the Hall of Fame—these were their happy hunting-grounds. Except for the Exchange, these are spots which the native New Yorker never visits unless the stranger takes him there. Yet, when he does visit them, this unfamiliar side of his own city fills him with pride and public spirit, though his ignorance is often touching compared with that of the cousin from Kankakee who has read the guide-book while coming on in the train.

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These travelers carried home a splendid and instructive impression of the metropolis, yet the Spectator has misgivings as to whether what they saw was really New York. They finished up by mounting the big automobile coach, with guide and megaphone, that starts up the avenue every day to take sightseers to all points of interest. "*Seeing New York*" is blazoned on its sign in large insistent letters; yet the Spectator is sure that more is missed than seen. In the same way, when his second set of cousins arrived and settled themselves, without misgivings, at one of the largest caravansaries of the city, a pilgrim's palace founded, as some native wit once observed, "for the promotion of exclusiveness among the masses," it was not the real New York, somehow, that they seemed to reach. The house was full, and presented an instructive study of the local rich from all over the continent. It might have been called the "All-America." From Kalamazoo and Kansas City, from Leadville and Los Angeles, those who had "made their pile" had come to see New York. The youngest cousin's eyes were as wide as saucers as she sat in "Peacock Alley" in a gilded chair after dinner and watched the endless promenade of the glittering crowd. Evidently she expected the Spectator to point out all the notabilities of New York amid the bespangled, bediamonded, ermine-enwrapped throng. The Spectator would have liked to; but New York was conspicuous by its absence. As a place for the native to see strangers, and for strangers to see one another, it offered unparalleled opportunities; but as a place to see fashionable New York, it might as well have been the Bowery.

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This, however, the Spectator did not feel called upon to explain to the youngest cousin. Besides, he rather enjoyed

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the show himself, on the principle of Emily Dickinson's quaint lines:

"Menagerie to me
My neighbor be.
Fair play!—
Both went to see."

Since the strangers had come to dress parade in Manhattan, why should not the Manhattanite—who loves parades—sit and look his fill? The Spectator joined himself in spirit to the youngest cousin, and was ready, with her, to enjoy the New York of the stranger—that brilliant surface New York of the cafés, with their gilding and looking-glasses and bands of music, the theaters, the big department stores in winter holiday trim, the opera, the Portrait Show, and all the rest of it. Paris is not more gay and glittering nowadays than this side of New York. It is an expensive business to see the city in this way, of course, and the reflex influence of the rich and lavish visitor is felt in the end by the native, who finds prices and tips rising by leaps every year. For this reason, the wary dweller in Manhattan seeks out the café not yet known to the casual pilgrim from Peoria or Portland, and relinquishes it when their vanguard begins to take possession; but the proprietor puts on more gilding, doubles his prices, and is happy, while the newcomer never guesses that the intimate city atmosphere he seeks forever recedes before him.

❀

The Spectator's third set of relatives were the most difficult to satisfy. They wanted to see the slums of New York. Now, the Spectator, like most New Yorkers, does not know anything about the slums except in the most vague and general way, and has only the wish to avoid and get rid of them. Why any one who does not have to see misery and vice should desire to see them in their worst expressions is beyond his conception. New York is not proud of her slums. They are being abolished wherever possible. But there is, of course, no denying that to a connoisseur in slums they are the most perfect examples in America; and these cousins were connoisseurs. They had seen the slums of Chicago and of San Francisco, and they were prepared to be critical. The Spectator tried to get out of it, weakly, by exhibiting the foreign quarters that lie south of Tenth Street on the East Side—the Saturday night markets of the Italians, the Chinese shops, the Armenian and Jewish districts. But these were far too thriving and honest, with all their unspeakable dirt and overcrowding, to satisfy the determined amateur sociologists. So the Spectator hunted up a mission chapel expert, and willingly handed them over to his somewhat wearied but kindly guidance. There is a story of two church workers from a small town who came to New York on a similar slum hunt, and were more than satisfied. One of them was asked by a friend, on her return, where she and her husband had been. "In the slums of New York for a day and a night," she answered, enthusiastically. "My dear, it was hell upon earth! We had a *splendid* time!" The Spectator hopes his cousins were as well pleased. But he also hopes that Father Knickerbocker will get rid of this slum exhibit for visitors before many years have gone by.

❀

Philip Gilbert Hamerton remarks somewhere that no man can learn, in perfection, more than one language. So perhaps no man can learn to know more than one city—his own. After the Spectator had seen the last sightseer off from "City Week" in an evening train, and came down Fifth Avenue alone in a hansom, he looked down to where the lighted prow of the "Flatiron" parts the tides of two great avenues, down the vista of electric lights and big hotels and crowded vehicles and thronged sidewalks—the great evening panorama of the New York streets—and realized the magnificence, the complexity, the charm, the unending novelty, of this rushing, cosmopolitan, tremendous city of Manhattan, with its millions of individual destinies and its great collective hopes. The stranger's New York is a surface New York. The real New York takes a lifetime to know; but to know and love it is a liberal education, and to dwell in its borders is to be, truly, a citizen of the world.

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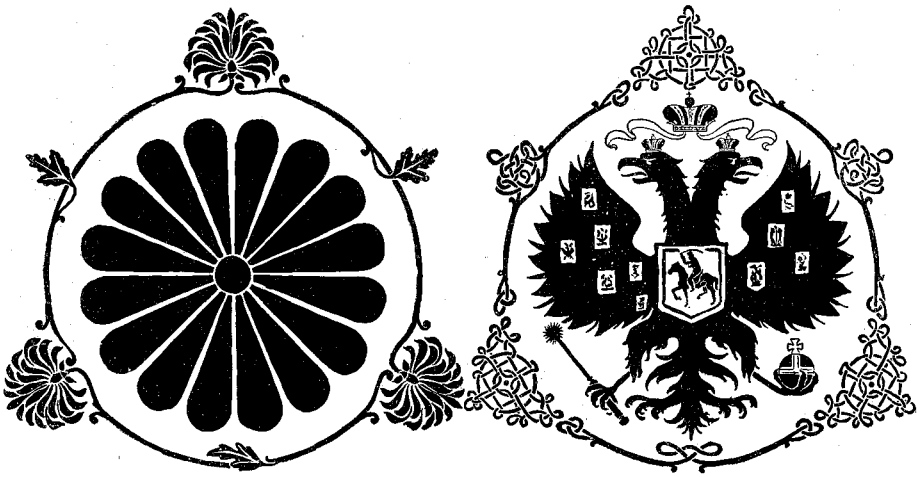

Men of the Hour in Japan and Russia

ON the following pages will be found the portraits of many of the Russian and Japanese leaders whose personalities have inevitably come to the front in the crisis arising through the clash of Russian and Japanese interests in Manchuria and Korea. The contrast of racial type and character as shown in these two groups is marked.

The Emperor of Japan, Mutsuhito, is a man of admirable self-restraint, as are all the Japanese. They will carry on negotiations with Russia to the utmost limit, but once aroused they will fight to the death and to their last man. Count Katsura, the Prime Minister, is fortunate in having as advisers not only the members of his own Cabinet, but also that wider group of statesmen from all parties who, with the Cabinet, are known as the elder statesmen. Among these are Field-Marshals Yamagata and Oyama. Marquis Yamagata was the best known of the Japanese generals in the Chino-Japan War of 1894–5. He is now well advanced in years, but his military prestige is undimmed. Admiral Ito (not, it will be noted, a relative of the famous statesman of the same name —one extremely common in Japan) and General Oyama will on sea and land respectively be foremost leaders of Japan's forces.

Of all the Russian representatives, Count Lamsdorf is the only one with a German name and German ancestry. In his case the final f cannot be expressed either by the ff or by a v. Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador, is more typically Muscovite in appearance than is the Czar, for instance. The latter bears a strong resemblance both to the Prince of Wales and to Prince Henry of Prussia, but his face is finer than either of these. His expression, while inscrutable, is full of sympathy and feeling; one instinctively thinks that the lofty idea of the Hague Tribunal could come from such a man. Admiral Alexiev has practically supreme military and naval command for Russia in Manchuria, and would inevitably be a central figure in war-time. General Kuropatkin, the Russian War Minister, has been a soldier since he was sixteen years old, and his forced march of six hundred miles was one of the famous events of the war with Turkey.

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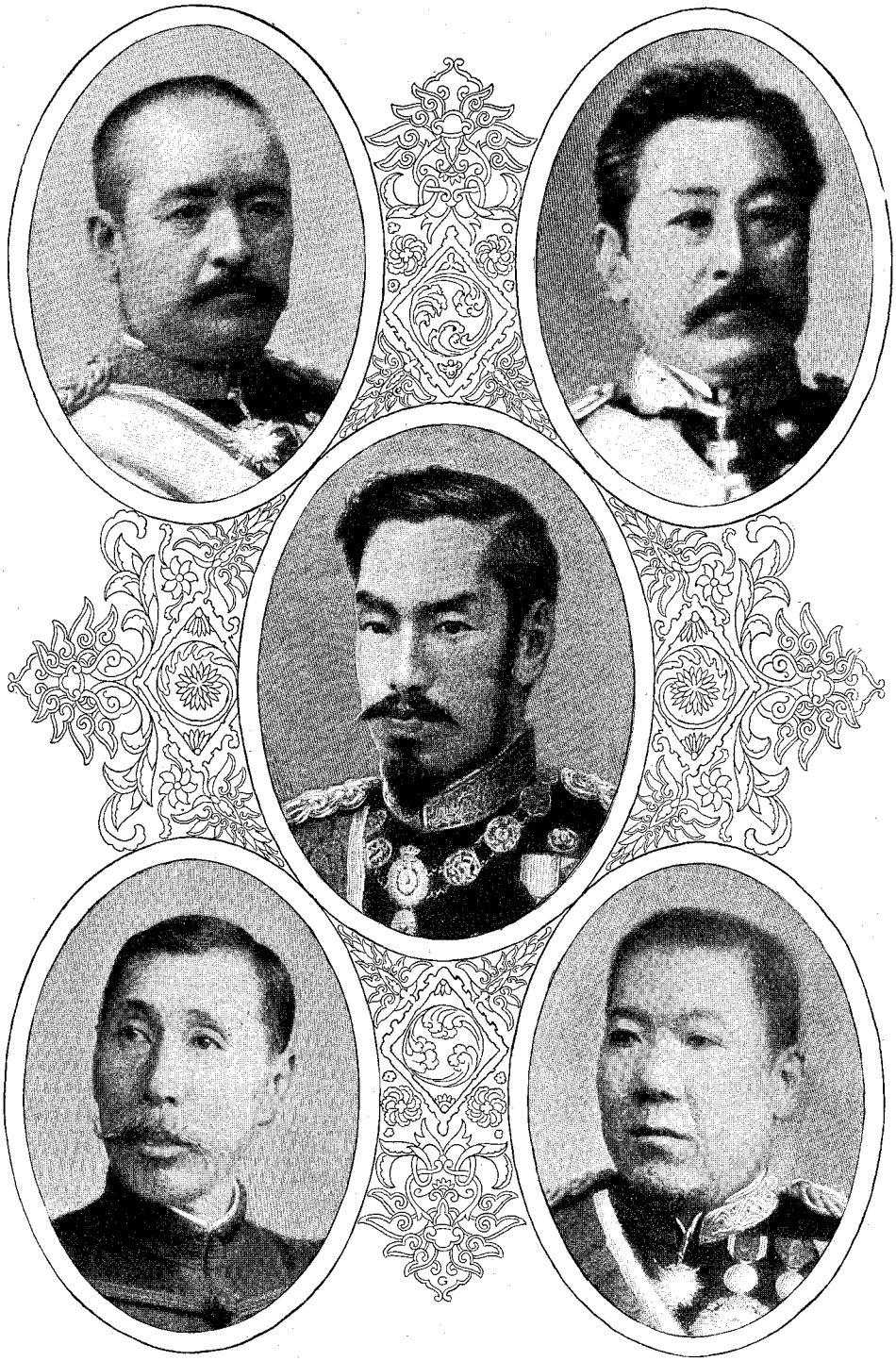
COUNT KATSURA
Premier of Japan.

VICE-ADMIRAL ITO
Chief of Japanese Naval General Staff.



MARSHAL YAMAGATA
Leader in war with China.

MUTSUHITO
Mikado of Japan.

MARQUIS OYAMA
Japanese Field Marshal.

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ADMIRAL ALEXIEV
Commander of Russian forces in the East.

GENERAL KUROPATKIN
Russian Minister of War.

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COUNT CASSINI
Russian Ambassador to the United States.

NICHOLAS II.
Czar of Russia.

COUNT LAMSDORF
Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

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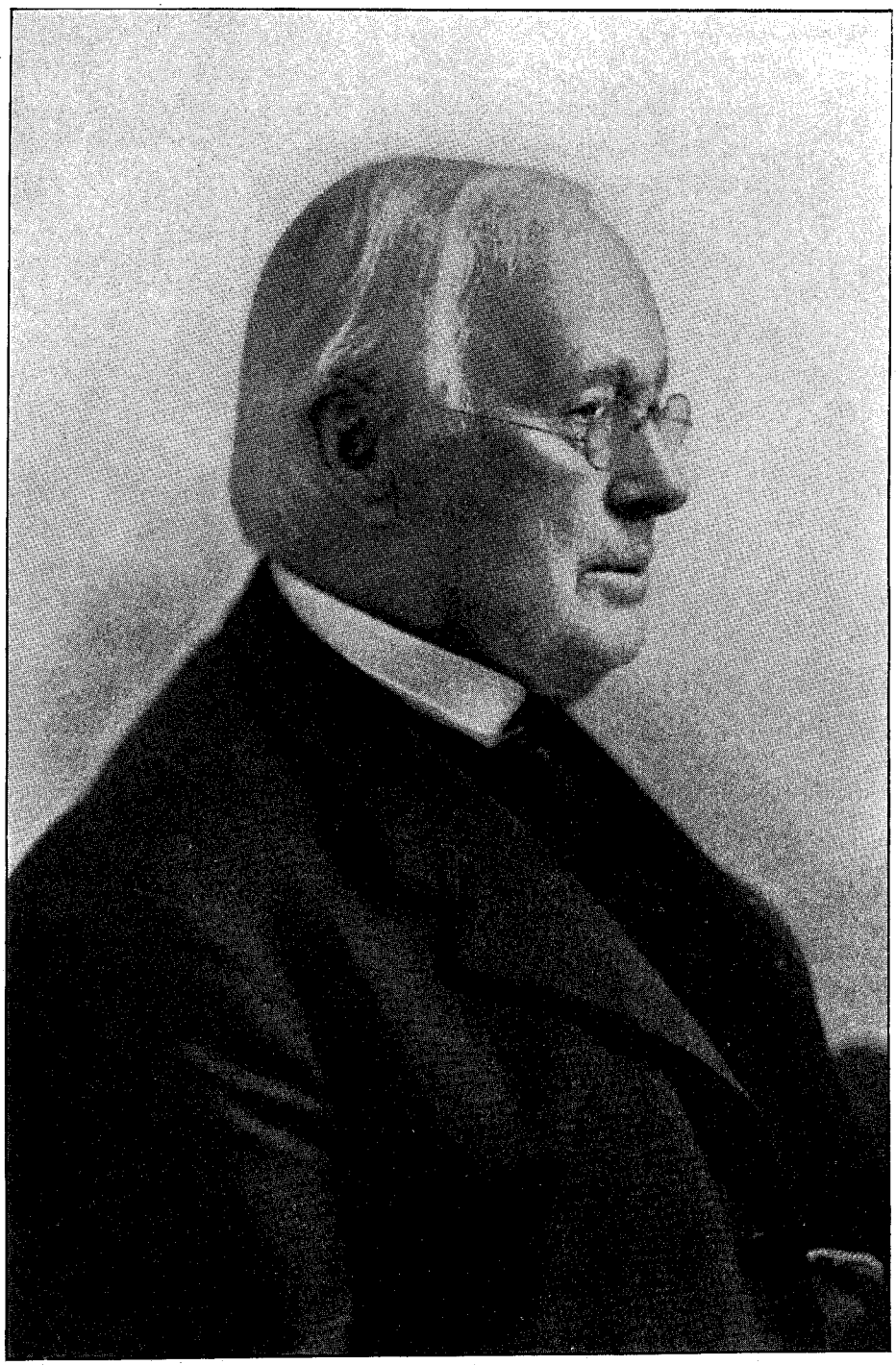

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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF SENATOR HOAR

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SENATOR HOAR'S HOME AT WORCESTER

A Half-Century of Public Life[1]

By Lyman Abbott

THESE two volumes constitute a very interesting portrait gallery. In it are portrayed the most notable public characters in our political history since 1869, when Mr. Hoar entered the House of Representatives. The autobiography, of course, runs back of that date, but in the previous period deals chiefly with Massachusetts politics and Massachusetts men. The work is more than a portrait gallery; it is a kind of cinematograph, since these men are portrayed in action. The papers have given many extracts from these volumes. They will constitute a magazine of anecdote for some time to come. They are, indeed, rather reminiscences than an autobiography. But, in our judgment, the most interesting figure in the entire collection is that of the portrait-painter. He is not conscious that he has painted himself. His characteristics have to be picked out as the result of a somewhat careful reading of a story which, in the thought of the story-teller, has to do almost wholly with others. He is the center of the story; but only as a guide upon a mountain-top is the center of the mountainous panorama which he is describing to the tourists. Senator Hoar's autobiography is distinctively unegotistic. There is as little direct reference to himself as is possible in a work avowedly given to telling the story of his own life. But neither is there any painfully conscious endeavor to avoid the use of the personal pronoun. We-gotism, said Dr. Lyman Beecher, is worse than egotism. There is no we-gotism in these reminiscences; no cumbrous attempt to avoid the appearance of egotism by such circumlocutions as "the present author," or "the writer of these pages." When Mr. Hoar speaks of himself, he says simply "I;" and so bears unconscious testimony to the absence of that self-consciousness which is the essence of egotism.

We shall not undertake to say whether

[1] *Autobiography of Seventy Years.* By George Frisbie Hoar. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 2 vols.

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Senator Hoar is a genius or not. This would require us to define genius; and, so far as we know, genius has never been very satisfactorily defined. But for nearly forty years he has been a prominent figure in National politics; sometimes one of the most influential, at all times one of the most interesting. In all the qualities which go to make up the best type of American statesmanship we should not know to-day whom to name in either the House or the Senate as his superior. If it is true that new days involve new duties, it is also true that they call for new men; and Senator Hoar has not seemed to us to apprehend the new day on which the country has entered or the new duties which that day involves; but this is not to underrate either his abilities or his worth. Only the future can finally determine whether Senator Hoar's adherence to tradition or President McKinley's departure from it was right. But whether Mr. Hoar is a genius or not, he has that remarkable combination of contradictory qualities which constitutes a greatness as rare as genius, and as valuable. Perhaps it is genius. And these contradictory qualities are held in such equipoise, they so counterbalance each other, that one rarely appears in excess of its counterbalancing fellow or impels the possessor to any course of action which its fellow-quality would forbid. Thus his contradictoriness of faculties leads, not to any inconsistency of action, but, on the contrary, by their harmonious interaction, leads him in a consistent and honorable path.

Senator Hoar is by nature a singularly modest man; placing no high estimate on his own powers; not meek, but certainly the reverse of self-assertive; never pushing himself forward for recognition. "I have never," he says, "lifted my finger or spoken a word to any man to secure or promote my own election to any office." His early ambition was certainly not a self-conceited one. "I supposed I was absolutely without capacity for public speaking. I expected never to be married; perhaps to earn twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a year, which would enable me to have a room of my own in some quiet house, and to earn enough to collect rare books that could be had without much cost." His first nomination for office—to be Representative in the Massachusetts House of Representatives—was made without his previous knowledge, and he would not accept it until he had counseled with his father: "the Convention adjourned to see if the infant candidate could get permission to accept." He was then but twenty-five years of age. This nomination was apparently due to an extempore speech made by him in the City Hall at a Free Soil mass-meeting the previous year. He was seen in the audience; was called on unexpectedly—"my father and brother were known as leaders in the Free Soil party, and that, I suppose, made somebody call on me"—he made his way to the platform in response to the demand of the audience, intending only to make his excuses; "but the people were disposed to be good-natured and liked what I said." It was taken down, printed in the Free Soil papers, and brought him straightway into demand as a Free Soil speaker. This modest estimate of himself and his abilities reappears again and again in his autobiography. His early political strength he attributes to "the good will of my competitors. So if any one failed to get a majority it was easy to transfer his strength to me." He was nominated to Congress without solicitation on his part and really against his will. "I had gone to take a ride while the Convention was in session. So they were obliged to wait for me. I was found with some difficulty, and went in and made a brief speech." We wonder whether American political history contains the account of any other man who kept the first Convention waiting while he decided whether he would accept, and the second Convention waiting while he was hunted up and brought in to declare his acceptance. His subsequent election to the Senate was equally unsought. His life has emphasized the principle which he puts tersely in the sentence: "A man who is his own candidate is commonly a very bad candidate for his party."

Such a spirit of modesty is liable to run into self-depreciation and self-discouragement. The modest man doubts

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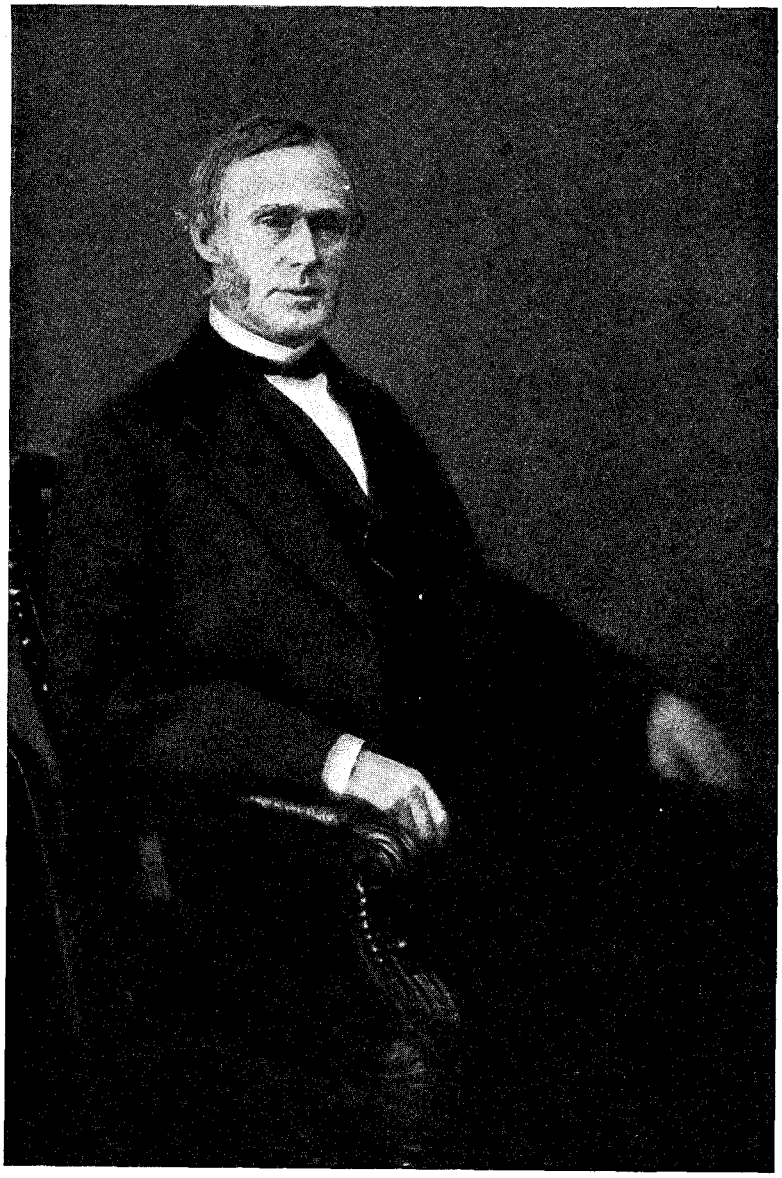
his abilities, and therefore lacks that kind of confidence and courage which self-conceit bestows. If he fails at any point, he is apt to charge the failure against himself, to conclude that another man in his place would have succeeded, and to be discouraged and ready for retreat. But, while Senator Hoar never sought office, he never failed to take up with courage the duties and responsibilities which office imposed upon him. His bitterest enemy has never accused him of trimming, cowardice, or a too great readiness to abandon a doubtful or failing cause. In 1853, when he was but twenty-seven years of age, on a local question concerning the Constitution of Massachusetts, he "joined the rebels against the dominant faction of my party." He not only joined the rebel-



A PORTRAIT OF HON. GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR MADE BY BRADY, ABOUT 1869, WHEN MR. HOAR ENTERED THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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lion but instigated it, and did probably as much as any one man to make it a success. In so doing he apparently set himself in antagonism to an overwhelming popular sentiment, though the event proved that only vigorous agitation was necessary to change that sentiment. A year later he faced a riotous throng in Worcester, and by his courage saved the city from the disgrace of mobbing a pro-slavery United States Commissioner, if he did not also save the pro-slavery Commissioner's life. How he stood out against his party in the Philippine matter and against the overwhelming majority of his own Massachusetts constituents—though, curiously, he thinks the majority of Americans were with him—all the world knows; all the world, happily, honors a brave man whether it believes that he is right or wrong, if it believes his bravery is honest and unselfish.

This courage is not put on for special occasions; nor is it born of a native combativeness. It is that of a careful, serious-minded, conscientious man, who seeks no great occasions, but who means to do his best to meet them when they come. Called to the Massachusetts House, he devoted himself to a study of the English factory legislation and Macaulay's speeches, and became an earnest advocate for shortening the hours of labor by legislation, making in 1852 "a speech in favor of reducing the time of labor in factories to ten hours a day, which, so far as I know, was the first speech in any legislative body in this country on that subject." Entering the United States House of Representatives, and notified that he would be assigned to the Committee on the Revision of Laws, with characteristic assiduity he set to work to prepare for the possible duties which this appointment might involve. He had little knowledge of United States jurisprudence, and resolved to make a systematic study of the subject.

I took with me to Washington a complete set of the Reports of the Supreme Court of the United States, and purchased Abbott's Digest of those decisions, then just published. The first evening after I got settled I spent in reading the opinions of the Supreme Court. I took the Digest, beginning with the letter A, reading the abstracts, and then reading the cases referred to. I got as far as Adm and read the cases relating to admiralty practice. The next morning the Speaker announced his Committees and the House adjourned. After the adjournment, Judge Poland, Chairman of the Committee on the Revision of the Laws, called the Committee together and laid before them a letter he had just received from Mr. Justice Miller of the Supreme Court, asking for a change in the law in regard to monitions for summoning defendants in Admiralty. The change had been made necessary by some recent decisions of the Court. The other members of the Committee looked at each other in dismay. None of them was familiar with the question, or knew at all what it was all about. I then stated to them the difficulty, the necessity for a remedy, and the recent decisions, giving them the names of the cases and the volumes where they were found. They were all quite astonished to find a man from the country, of whom probably none of them had ever heard before, having the law of Admiralty at his tongue's end. If the question had related to anything in the Digest under Adr, or anything thereafter, I should have been found probably more ignorant than they were. But Judge Poland took me into high favor, and I found his friendship exceedingly agreeable and valuable. I do not remember that the Committee on the Revision of the Laws had another meeting while I belonged to it.

The conscience and courage of Mr. Hoar, coupled with this carefulness, make him always an independent student of the questions with which he has to deal, and might easily operate to rob him of political leadership, if not of political influence, as it has some equally able and honest men—Carl Schurz, for instance. But here comes in a curiously counterpoising quality—a loyalty to organization which makes Senator Hoar, though the most independent of Republicans, always a Republican and never an Independent. In our judgment, he gives too little credit to the Independents, whom he delights to call Mugwumps. For, in our judgment, the safety of the country lies in this rather small body of men who belong to no party, and who cast their votes now for one party, now for the other, and by compelling in the party leaders on either side a healthful respect for those who hold the balance of power, develop in both parties a moderation in counsel and a decent regard for the Ten Commandments in action. But if we do not wholly agree with Senator Hoar

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SENATOR HOAR'S LIBRARY IN HIS WORCESTER HOME

in his supreme party loyalty, we can at least understand it. If anything could drive him from the Republican party, it would be the dishonesties practiced by some men high in its counsels during President Grant's second term. But he puts tersely and effectively the principles which kept him in the party despite this public corruption:

> I never thought that the proper way to put an end to this state of things was to abandon what I deem sound political principles, or to abandon the party that was formed to establish them. I should as soon have thought of turning Tory because of like complaints in the Revolutionary War, or of asking George III. to take us into favor again because of like scandals which existed during the Administrations of Washington and John Adams. But I thought, in common with many others, that a party of sound principles could be made and should be made a party of pure politics.

It certainly ought not to be difficult for the Independent to understand and honor this position, little as he may agree with it. It is the position of the loyal Roman Catholic who fought a losing battle in the Roman Catholic Church against the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, but, when the battle was lost and the Vatican Council had issued its decree, never for a moment thought of leaving the Church. It is that of many a Protestant who remains in the Church of his choice though some things in the creed affront his intellect and some inconsistencies in the lives of certain of its members offend his conscience. It is this principle of loyalty to the party organization, this belief that the interests of the country are safer in the hands of his party, despite some errors, than in the hands of the opposing party, despite some truths and some virtues, that made Senator Hoar adhere to the Republican organization notwithstanding his vigorous opposition to the expansion policy which it had adopted.

Yet this adherence to the Republican

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organization does not make him intolerant of his political opponents. He does not get their point of view, but he does not deny their right to possess a point of view different from his own. He is a partisan, but not an intolerant one. Though he never believed in secret societies in a Republic, he, on principle, refused to challenge jurymen because they were Masons and his opponent was a Mason. He gives high praise to some of his Democratic colleagues in the Senate, though his characterization of the Democratic party is severe, not to say savage, and is in our judgment unjust: "The strength of that organization in 1900, as it is to-day, was in Tammany Hall, in the old Southern leaders committed to a policy of violence and fraud in dealing with ten million of our American citizens at home, aided by a few impracticable dreamers who were even less fitted than the Democratic leaders to be trusted with political power."

But, in general, his only intolerance is toward vice and crime. Against these, however they may manifest themselves, he has a splendid wrath. His conscience is his dominant faculty, and as nothing could induce him knowingly to sanction them by his vote, his speech, or his silence, so nothing can induce him to condone them or to leave them unresisted. No chapter in this work has given to us a higher sense of Senator Hoar's conscience, courage, and fighting ability than his chapter on Benjamin F. Butler. A gentleman of cultivation, whose early ambition was a modest salary, enough to buy some rare books, and a quiet life giving leisure to study them, hates a conflict with a vulgar blackguard. He instinctively crosses the street and leaves the blackguard in possession of the sidewalk. It was this dread of billingsgate that led so many men in Massachusetts, whose personal taste was stronger than their conscience, to leave Benjamin F. Butler unassailed and unreproved; that led lawyers and witnesses to dread him at the bar, and political adversaries to dread him on the platform. When Senator Hoar tackled him, we may be sure it was not for the pleasure of the battle, nor for the honor of a possible victory, but from a sense of duty which is always the inspiration of the highest courage.

It is of course disagreeable, and in most cases it would seem unmanly, to speak harshly of a political antagonist who is dead. In the presence of the great reconciler, Death, ordinary human contentions and angers should be hushed. But if there be such a thing in the universe as a moral law, if the distinction between right and wrong be other than a fancy or a dream, the difference between General Butler and the men who contended with him belongs not to this life alone. It relates to matters more permanent than human life. It enters into the fate of republics, and will endure after the fashion of this world passeth away.

It must be said that Senator Hoar was well equipped for battle with such an opponent. He was master of satire, ridicule, invective. He may have sometimes used them in political debate when it was not deserved; but this autobiography shows little indication that he did so. In the main they were used to castigate men who richly deserved the castigation, and never more vigorously and effectively used than in holding General B. F. Butler up to the scorn of his fellow-citizens. Not even Junius, we venture to think, contains a finer specimen of invective than that furnished in Senator Hoar's brief biography of Mr. Butler when he was running the second time for Governor of Massachusetts; nor can we doubt that this brief and pungent biography contributed no small share to Mr. Butler's defeat. It is too long to quote here; but a brief specimen from one campaign speech may be quoted as furnishing at once an illustration of Senator Hoar's courage, his fine scorn of dishonesty, and his power of sarcasm. Mr. Butler had proposed to pay the National debt and all other debts, public and private, in irredeemable paper money, and for this purpose to issue a series of Government bonds, bearing interest payable only in greenbacks, which in turn could be redeemed only by exchanging them for the bonds. Senator Hoar thus characterized this scheme:[1]

> He [General Butler] had said, in explaining and defending his fiat money scheme, that the

[1] This was very different from Secretary Windom's inconvertible bond scheme, which was to issue a limited number of bonds, payable only in greenbacks for investors to purchase, in order to provide thus a self-acting system by which, in hard times, when interest was high, the currency wou'd increase, and in good times, when interest was low, currency would diminish.

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word "fiat" means "let there be." God said, "Fiat lux," "let there be light," and there was light. He argued that fiat money was excellent, from the very fact that it cost nothing and had no intrinsic value. So, if a bill were lost or destroyed, a new one could be supplied without cost. He also said that it would stay in the country, and would not be sunk in the morasses of Asia, especially in China and India, where silver and gold were absorbed and never heard of in civilized nations afterward. I quoted these sentences with the following comment: "That, fellow-citizens, is precisely the difference between Omnipotence and Humbug, between the Almighty and General Butler. God said, Let there be light, and there was light. General Butler says, Let there be money, and there is—rags. This is the first time in our history that the American workingman has been gravely asked to take for his wages money it costs nothing to make, that it is no loss to lose, that it is no gain to get, and that even a Chinaman won't touch."

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that Senator Hoar is a cynic or a pessimist, or that his general disposition is satirical. The satirical disposition generally accompanies an egotistical spirit, and, as we have said, Senator Hoar is the reverse of an egotist. He is also the reverse of a cynic. There is nothing Pharisaic about him; none of that air of "I am holier and I am wiser than thou" which, in some of the professed reformers of the distinctly Puritan type, is so irritating to men of common mold. On the contrary, he rather over-appreciates than under-appreciates his contemporaries. They seem to his kindly vision greater, we think, than they will seem to impartial history. To personal assaults upon him he interposes that most impenetrable of answers—a good-humored consciousness of his innocence, as in the famous "fish-ball letter," too long to be quoted here (Vol. II., 271–3).

The intensity of his National feeling, his anti-slavery principles, his Republican partisanship, do not prevent him from entertaining the kindest feeling toward the South. He urges National aid to public education in the South—a measure unfortunately defeated by a combination of Republican hostility to any measure that involved appropriation of money to the South and of Democratic hostility to any measure that had in it a suspicion of Federal centralization; and he finally succeeded, against much Republican hostility, in carrying through an appropriation for the rebuilding of the William and Mary College in Virginia. "I came," he says, characteristically, "to the conclusion that it would tend very much to restore the old affectionate feeling between the States to rebuild this college without inquiring too strictly into the merits of the case as tested by any strict principle of law."

Similarly, if he recognizes, as he sometimes does, foibles in the statesmen of his own party, it is with no satirical contempt, but with a smile of genial good humor, that he regards them. Senator Sherman proposes to him to go over and see the new electric railroad, as a great curiosity, and cautions the driver to be careful. The horses, he says, are very much afraid of the electric cars. "I said: 'I suppose they are like the labor reformers. They see contrivances for doing without their labor, and they get very angry and manifest displeasure.' Mr. Sherman pondered for a moment or two, and then said, with great seriousness: 'Mr. Hoar, the horse is a very intelligent animal, but it really does not seem to me that he can reason as far as that.'" When he repeats the story to General Sherman, the General replies that his brother was no doubt serious: "John never had the slightest conception of a joke."

The success of Senator Hoar is not, at least in his own estimation, due to his oratory:

> I have never supposed myself to possess this gift. The instruction which I had in my youth, especially that at Harvard, either in composition or elocution, was, I think, not only no advantage but a positive injury. Besides the absence of good training, I had an awkward manner and a harsh voice. Until quite late in life I never learned to manage so that I could get through a long speech without serious irritation of the throat.

Nor is his success due to his skillful use of public patronage. From the very first he refused to be a dispenser of favors; he was a Civil Service Reformer before the era of Civil Service Reform:

> When I entered the House of Representatives, before the Civil Service Reform had made any progress, I addressed and had put on file with the Secretary of the Treasury a

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letter, in which I said that I desired him to understand that when I made a recommendation to him of any person for public office it was to be taken merely as my opinion of the merit of the candidate, and not as an expression of a personal request; and that if he found any other person who would, in his judgment, be better for the public service, I hoped he would make the selection without regard to my recommendation.

Nor can his success be attributed to a study of popular currents and a conformity to them; he has not been one of those least honorable products of democracy, the follower who appears to lead, the rider on a current of public opinion which he really influences as little as the skillful swimmer influences the course of the wave which bears him on its surface. He has fought public opinion with all his not inconsiderable vigor, whenever he has differed with it. Nor has he achieved success by his personal magnetism, nor by that indefinable something which we call genius, and which masters men without their knowing how or why they are mastered. It has been won by his consecration to the State, his courage born of consecration, his conscience inviolable but rarely if ever dictatorial, his patriotism which his most vigorous opponents have never questioned, and his spirit of honesty and sincerity carried into public affairs. And this has been more effective than either oratory or patronage, because it has appealed to the answering conscience of the Nation. With a single quotation, illustrative of this spirit, we must bring this already too long article to a close:

> The sublimity of the principle of self-government does not consist wholly or chiefly in the idea that self is the person who governs, but quite as much in the doctrine that self is the person who is governed. How our race troubles would disappear if the dominant Saxon would but obey, in his treatment of the weaker races, the authority of the fundamental laws on which his own institutions rest! The problem of to-day is not how to convert the heathen from heathenism, it is how to convert the Christian from heathenism; not to teach the physician to heal the patient, but to heal himself. The Indian problem is not chiefly how to teach the Indian to be less savage in his treatment of the Saxon, but the Saxon to be less savage in his treatment of the Indian. The Chinese problem is not how to keep Chinese laborers out of California, but how to keep Chinese policies out of Congress. The negro question will be settled when the education of the white man is complete.

We do not in this article attempt to consider Senator Hoar's political principles. They are in general those of a Puritan Democracy, but he does not seem to us always self-consistent in applying these principles to a non-Puritan community. We cannot reconcile his insistence, in his chapter on Reconstruction, upon the principle that popular education is the essential foundation of popular government, with his insistence, in his chapter on the Philippines, that we should have left the Filipinos to establish their own popular government without any previous popular education. Nor do we attempt to tell the story of Senator Hoar's public career. It appears to us to have been always directed to the highest ends and inspired by the highest motives, and to be alike honorable to him, to his State, and to the Republic. We have here attempted to construct, out of the materials which he has unconsciously furnished us in his autobiography, an analysis of his character. In the remarkable counterpoise of apparently contradictory qualities kept in harmonious activity by his dominating conscience and his moral energy, this character is one of the most interesting, as it has been one of the most influential and useful, characters in the life of the Nation for the nearly forty years which have elapsed since his first election to the House of Representatives in 1869. We congratulate him on an exceedingly interesting story exceedingly well told; but we congratulate him far more on a public service well rendered and a public life nobly lived.

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OLD-TIME FLOWERS

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK
AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF THE BEE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. HORACE McFARLAND

THIS morning, when I went to look at my flowers, surrounded by their white fence, which protects them against the good cattle grazing in the field beyond, I saw again in my mind all that blossoms in the woods, the fields, the gardens, the orangeries, and the greenhouses, and I thought of all that we owe to the world of marvels which the bees visit.

Can we conceive what humanity would be if it did not know the flowers? If these did not exist, if they had all been hidden from our gaze, as are probably a thousand no less fairy sights which are all around us but invisible to our eyes, would our character, our faculties, our sense of the beautiful, our aptitude for happiness, be quite the same? We should, it is true, have other splendid manifestations in nature of luxury, exuberance, and grace; other dazzling efforts of the superfluous forces: the sun, the stars, the varied lights of the moon, the azure and the ocean, the dawns and twilights, the mountain, the plain, the forest and the rivers, the light and the trees, and, lastly, nearer to us, birds, precious stones, and woman. Those are the ornaments of our planet. Yet, but for the last three, which belong to the same smile of nature, how grave, austere, almost sad would be the education of our eye, without the softness which the flowers give! Suppose for a moment that our globe knew them not: a great region, the most enchanted in the joys of our psychology, would be destroyed, or rather would not be discovered. All of a delightful sense would sleep forever at the bottom of our harder and more desert hearts and in our imagination stripped of worshipful images. The infinite world of colors and shades would have been but incompletely revealed to us by a few rents in the sky. The miraculous harmonies of light at play, ceaselessly inventing new gayeties, reveling in itself, would be unknown to us, for the flowers first broke up the prism and made the most subtle portion of our sight. And the magic garden of perfumes: who would have opened its gate to us? A few grasses, a few gums, a few fruits, the breath of the dawn, the smell of the night and the

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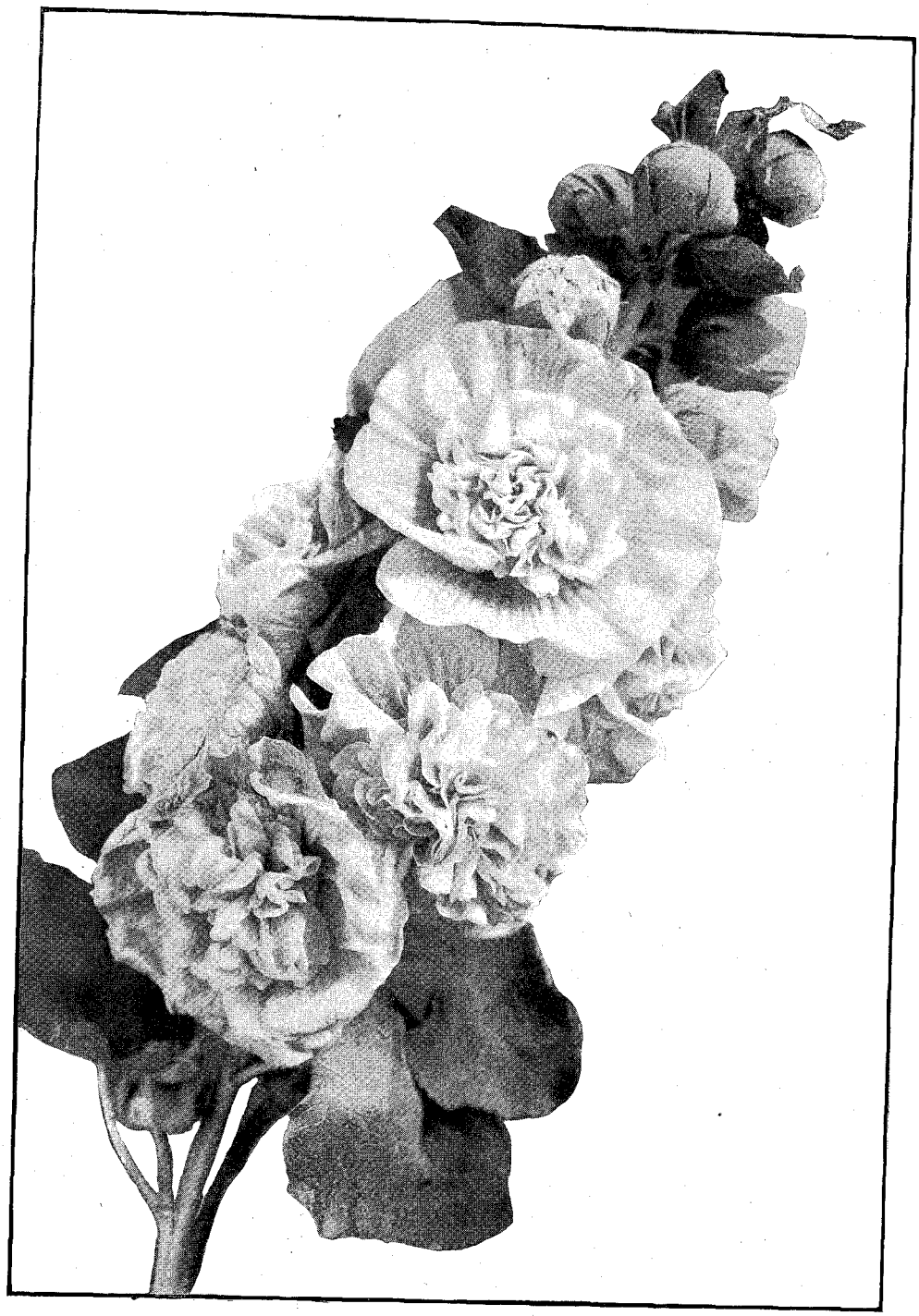

THE HOLLYHOCK

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THE COMMON BLUE VIOLET

sea, would have told us that beyond our eyes and ears there existed a shut paradise where the air which we breathe changes into delights for which we could have found no name. Consider also all that the voice of human happiness would lack! One of the blessed heights of our soul would be almost dumb, if the flowers had not, since centuries, fed with their beauty the language which we speak and the thoughts that endeavor to crystallize the most precious hours of life. The whole vocabulary, all the impressions of love, are impregnate with their breath, nourished with their smile. When we love, all the flowers that we have seen and smelt seem to hasten within us to people with their known charms the consciousness of a sentiment whose happiness, but for them, would have no more form than the horizons of the sea or sky. They have accumulated within us, since our childhood, and even before it, in the soul of our fathers, an immense treasure, the nearest to our joys, upon which we draw each time that we wish to make more real the clement minutes of our life. They have created and spread in our world of sentiment the fragrant atmosphere in which love delights.

That is why I love, above all, the simplest, the commonest, the oldest, and the most antiquated; those which have a long human past behind them, a long array of kind and consoling actions; those which have lived with us for hundreds of years and which form part of ourselves, since they reflect something of their grace and their joy of life in the soul of our ancestors.

But where do they hide themselves? They are becoming rarer than those which we call rare flowers to-day. Their life is secret and precarious. It seems as though we were on the point of losing them; and perhaps there are some which have lately disappeared, discouraged at last, of which the seeds have died under the ruins, which will no more know the dew of the gardens and which we shall find only in very old books, amid the bright grass of the Illuminators or along the yellow flower-beds of the Primitives.

They are driven from the borders and the proud baskets by arrogant strangers from Peru, the Cape of Good Hope, China, Japan. They have two pitiless enemies in particular. The first of these is the encumbering and prolific Begonia Tuberosa, that swarms in the

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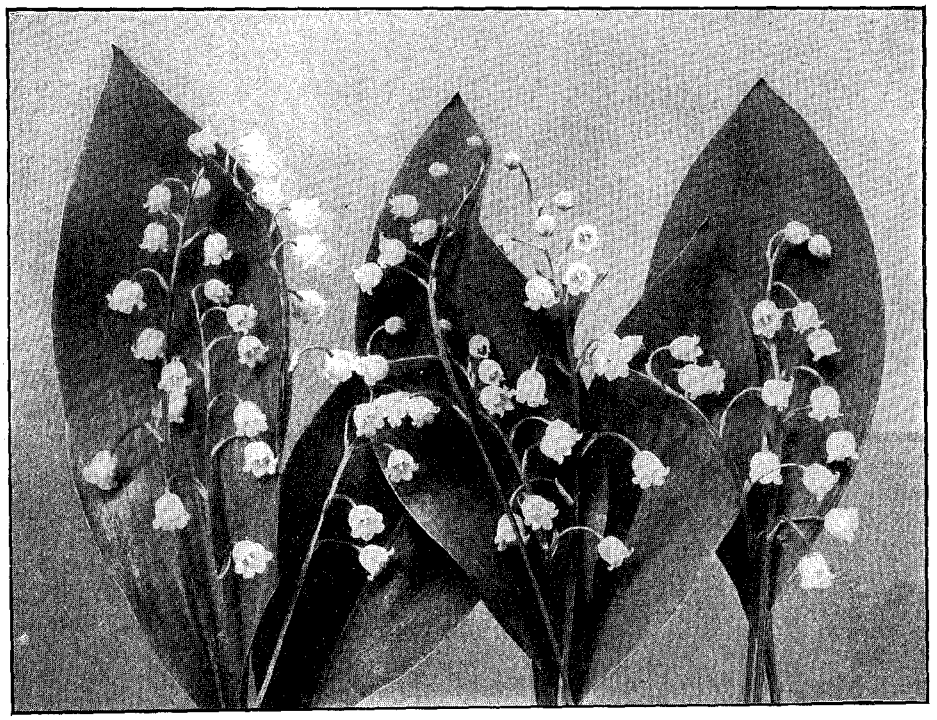
beds like a tribe of turbulent fighting-cocks, with innumerous combs. It is pretty, but insolent and a little artificial; and, whatever the silence and meditation of the hour, under the sun and under the moon, in the intoxication of the day and the solemn peace of the night, it sounds its clarion cry and celebrates its victory, monotonous, shrill, and scentless. The other is the Double Geranium, not quite so indiscreet, but indefatigable also and extraordinarily courageous: it would appear desirable were it less lavished. These two, with the help of a few more cunning strangers and of the plants with colored leaves that close up those turgid mosaics which at present debase the beautiful lines of most of our lawns, these two have gradually ousted their native sisters from the spots which these had so long brightened with their familiar smiles. They no longer have the right to receive the guest with artless little cries of welcome at the gilded gates of the mansion. They are forbidden to prattle near the steps, to twitter in the marble vases, to hum their tune beside the lakes, to lisp their dialect along the borders. A few of them have been relegated to the kitchen-garden, in the neglected and, for that matter, delightful corner occupied by the medicinal or merely aromatic plants, the Sage, the Tarragon, the Fennel, and the Thyme, old servants too, dismissed and nourished through a sort of pity or mechanical tradition. Others have taken refuge by the stables, near the low door of the kitchen or the cellar, where they crowd humbly like importunate beggars, hiding their bright dresses among the weeds and holding their frightened perfumes as best they may, so as not to attract attention.

But, even there, the Pelargonium, red with indignation, and the Begonia, crimson with rage, came to surprise and hustle the unoffending little band; and they fled to the farms, the cemeteries, the little gardens of the rectories, old maids' houses, and country convents. And now hardly anywhere save in the oblivion of the oldest villages, around tottering dwellings, far from the railways and the nursery-gardener's overbearing hot-houses, do we find them again with their natural smile; not wearing a driven, panting, and hunted look, but peaceful,



LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY

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THE FUCHSIA

calm, restful, plentiful, careless, and at home. And, even as in former times, in the coaching days, from the top of the stone wall that surrounds the house, through the rails of the white fence, or from the sill of the windows enlivened by a caged bird, on the motionless road where none passes save the eternal forces of life, they see spring come and autumn, the rain and the sun, the butterflies and the bees, the silence and the night followed by the light of the moon.

Brave old flowers! Wallflowers, Gillyflowers, Stocks! For, even as the field-flowers, from whom a trifle, a ray of beauty, a drop of perfume, divided them, they have charming names, the softest in the language; and each of them, like tiny, artless ex-votos, or like medals bestowed by the gratitude of men, proudly bears three or four. You Stocks, that sing among the ruined walls and cover with light the grieving stones, you Garden Primroses, Primulas or Cowslips, Hyacinths, Crocuses and Cinerarias, Crown-Imperials, Scented Violets, Lilies-of-the-valley, Forget-me-nots, Daisies and Periwinkles, Poets' Narcissuses, Pheasants' Eyes, Bears' Ears, Alyssums, Saxifrage, Anemones: it is through you that the months that come before the leaf-time—February, March, April—translate into smiles which men can understand the first news and the first mysterious kisses of the sun. You are frail and chilly and yet as bold-faced as a bright idea. You make young the grass; you are fresh as the water that flows in the azure cups which the dawn distributes over the greedy buds, ephemeral as the dreams of a child, almost wild still and almost spontaneous, yet marked already by the too-precocious brilliancy, the too-flaming nimbus, the too-pensive grace that overwhelm the flowers which yield obedience to man.

But here, innumerous, disordered, many-colored, tumultuous, drunk with dawns and noons, come the luminous dances of the daughters of summer! Little girls with white veils and old maids in violet ribbons, school-girls home for the holidays, first-communicants, pale nuns, disheveled romps, gossips, and

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prudes. Here is the Marigold that breaks up with her brightness the green of the borders. Here is the Camomile, like a nosegay of snow, beside her unwearying brothers, the Garden Chrysanthemums, whom we must not confuse with the Japanese Chrysanthemums of autumn. The Annual Helianthus, or Sunflower, towers like a priest raising the monstrance over the lesser folk in prayer and strives to resemble the luminary which he adores. The Poppy exerts himself to fill with light his cup torn by the morning wind. The rough Larkspur, in his peasant's blouse, who thinks himself more beautiful than the sky, looks down upon the Dwarf Convolvuluses, who reproach him spitefully with putting too much blue into the azure of his flowers. The Virginian Stock, in her gown of jaconet, like the little servant-maids of Dordrecht or Leyden, arch and demure, washes the borders of the beds with innocence. The Mignonette hides herself in her laboratory and silently distills perfumes that give us a foretaste of the air which we breathe on the threshold of Paradise. The Peonies, who have drunk their imprudent fill of the sun, burst with enthusiasm and bend forward to meet the coming apoplexy. The Scarlet Flax traces a blood-stained furrow that guards the walks; and the Portulaca, creeping like a moss, studies to cover with mauve, amber, or pink taffeta the soil that has remained bare at the foot of the tall stalks. The chub-faced Dahlia, a little round, a little stupid, carves out of soap, lard, or wax his regular pompons, which will be the ornament of a village holiday. The old, paternal Phlox, standing amid the clusters, lavishes the loud laughter of his jolly, easy-going colors. The Mallows, or Lavateras, like demure misses, feel the tenderest blushes of fugitive modesty mount to their corollas at the slightest breath. The Nasturtium paints his water-colors or screams like a parrakeet climbing up the bars of its cage; and the Rose-mallow, Althæa Rosea, Hollyhock, riding the high horse of her many names, flaunts her cockades of a flesh silkier than a maiden's breast. The Snapdragon and the almost transparent Balsam are more timorous and awkward, and fearfully press their flowers against their stalks.

Next, in the discreet corner of the old families, are crowded the long-leaved Veronica; the red Potentilla; the African Marigold; the ancient Lychnis, or Maltese Cross; the Mournful Widow, or Purple Scabious; the Foxglove, or Digitalis, that shoots up like a melancholy rocket; the European Aquilegia, or Columbine; the Viscaria, that, on a long, slim neck, lifts a small, ingenuous, quite round face to admire the sky; the lurking Lunaria, that secretly manufactures the "Pope's Money," those pale, flat crown-pieces with which, no doubt, the elves and fairies by moonlight carry on their trade in spells; lastly, the Pheasant's Eye, the Red Valerian, or Jupiter's Beard, the Sweet-William, and the old Carnation, that was cultivated long ago by the Grand Condé in his exile.

Beside these, above, all around, on the walls, in the hedges, among the arbors, along the branches, like a people of sportive monkeys and birds, the climbing plants make merry, perform feats of gymnastics, play at swinging, at losing and recovering their balance, at falling, at flying, at looking up at space, at reaching beyond the tree-tops to kiss the sky. Here we have the Spanish Bean and the Sweet Pea, quite proud at being no longer included among the vegetables; the modest Volubilis; the Honeysuckle, whose scent represents the soul of the dew; the Clematis and the Glycine; while at the windows, between the white curtains, along the stretched string, the Campanula, surnamed Pyramidalis, works such miracles, throws out sheaves and twists garlands formed of a thousand uniform flowers so prodigiously immaculate and transparent that they who see it for the first time, refusing to believe their eyes, want to touch with their finger the bluey marvel, cool as a fountain, pure as a source, unreal as a dream.

Meanwhile, in a blaze of light, the great white Lily, the old lord of the gardens, the only authentic prince among all the commonalty issuing from the kitchen-garden, the ditches, the copses, the pools, and the moors, among the

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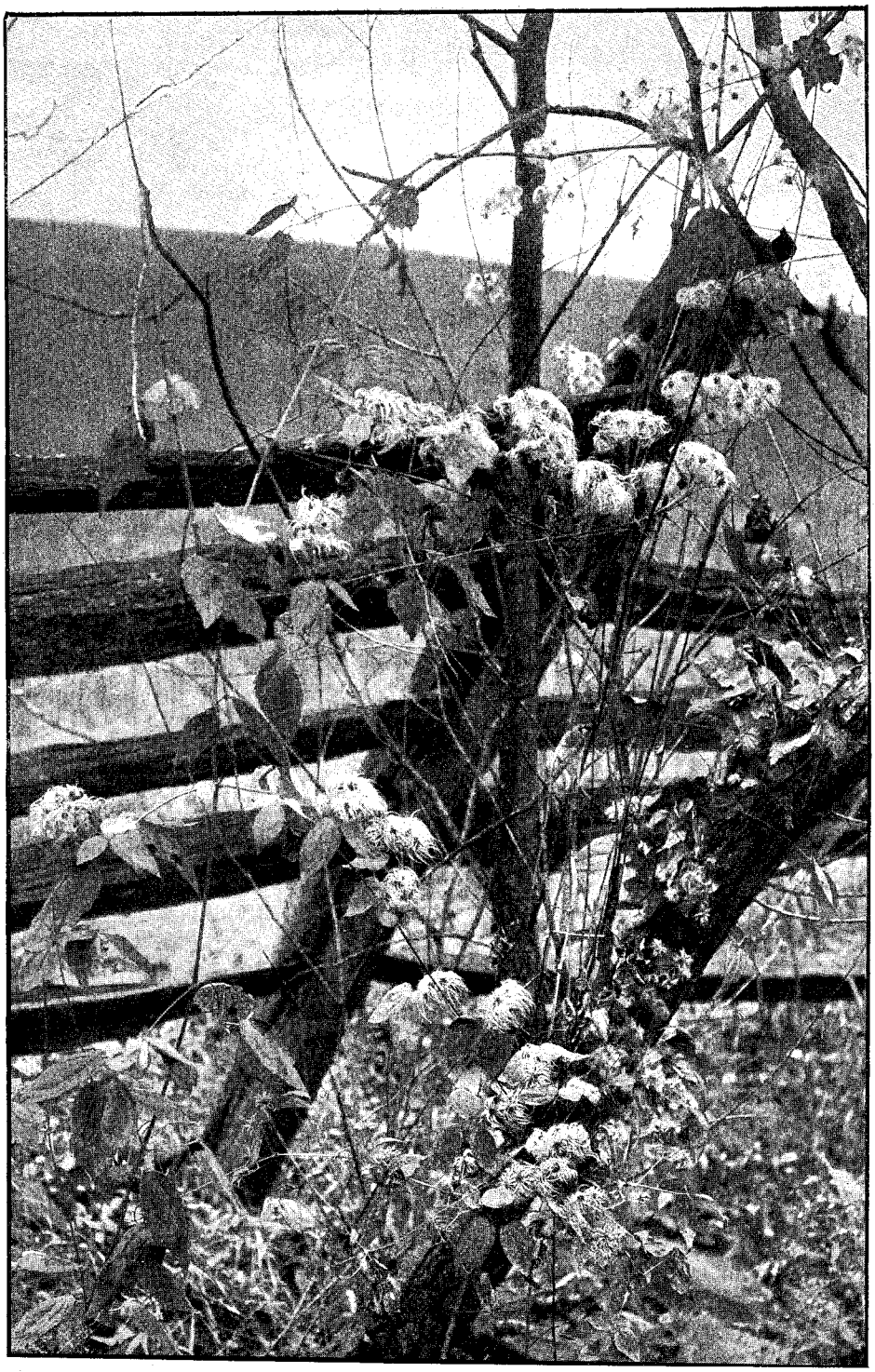

THE WILD CLEMATIS IN SEED

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strangers come from none knows where, with his invariable six-petaled chalice of silver, whose nobility dates back to that of the gods themselves—the immemorial Lily raises his ancient scepter, august, inviolate, which creates around it a zone of chastity, silence, and light.

I have seen them, those whom I have named and as many whom I have forgotten, all thus collected in the garden of an old sage, the same that taught me to love the bees. They displayed themselves in beds and baskets, in symmetrical borders, ellipses, oblongs, quincunxes, and lozenges, surrounded by box hedges, red bricks, earthenware tiles, or brass chains, like precious matters contained in ordered receptacles, similar to those which we find in the discolored engravings that illustrate the works of the old Dutch poet Jacob Cats. And the flowers were drawn up in rows, some according to their kinds, others according to their shapes and shades, while others, lastly, mingled, according to the happy chances of the wind and the sun, the most hostile and murderous colors, in order to show that nature acknowledges no dissonance and that all that lives creates its own harmony.

From its twelve rounded windows, with their shining panes, their muslin curtains, their broad green shutters, the long, painted house, pink and gleaming as a shell, watched them wake at dawn and throw off the brisk diamonds of the dew and then close at night under the blue darkness that falls from the stars. One felt that it took an intelligent pleasure in this gentle, daily fairy scene, itself solidly planted between two clear ditches which lost themselves in the distance of the immense pasturage dotted with motionless cows, while, by the roadside, a proud mill, bending forward like a preacher, made familiar signs with its paternal sails to the passers-by from the village.

Has this earth of ours a fairer ornament of its hours of leisure than the care of flowers? It was fine to see thus collected, for the pleasure of the eyes, around the house of my placid friend, the splendid throng that tills the light to win from it marvelous colors, honey, and perfumes. He found there translated into visible joys, fixed at the gates of his house, the scattered, fleeting, and almost intangible delights of summer, the voluptuous air, the clement nights, the emotional sun rays, the glad hours, the confiding dawn, the whispering and mysterious azured space. He enjoyed not only their dazzling presence, he also hoped—probably unwisely, so deep and confused is that mystery—he also hoped, by dint of questioning them, to surprise, with their aid, I know not what secret law or idea of nature, I know not what private thought of the universe, which perhaps betrays itself in those ardent moments in which it strives to please other beings, to beguile other lives, and to create beauty.

Old-time flowers, I said. I was wrong. When we study their history and investigate their pedigrees, we learn with surprise that most of them, down to the simplest and commonest, are new beings, freed men, exiles, newcomers, visitors, foreigners. Any botanical treatise will reveal their origins. The Tulip, for instance (remember La Bruyère's "Solitary," "Oriental," "Agate," and "Cloth of Gold"), came from Constantinople in the sixteenth century. The Ranuncula, the Lunaria, the Maltese Cross, the Balsam, the Fuchsia, the African Marigold, or Tagetes Erecta, the Rose Campion, or Lychnis Coronaria, the two-colored Aconite, the Amaranthus Caudatus, or Love-lies-bleeding, the Hollyhock, the Campanula Pyramidalis, arrived at about the same time from the Indies, Mexico, Persia, Syria, and Italy. The Pansy appears in 1613; the Yellow Alyssum in 1710; the Perennial Flax in 1775; the Scarlet Flax in 1819; the Purple Scabious in 1629; the Saxifrage Sarmentosa in 1771; the long-leaved Veronica in 1731; the Perennial Phlox is a little older. The Indian Pink made his entrance into our gardens about 1713. The Garden Pink is of modern date. The Portulaca did not make her appearance till 1828; the Scarlet Sage till 1822. The Ageratum or Cœlestinum, now so plentiful and so popular, is not two centuries old. The Helichrysum, or Ever-

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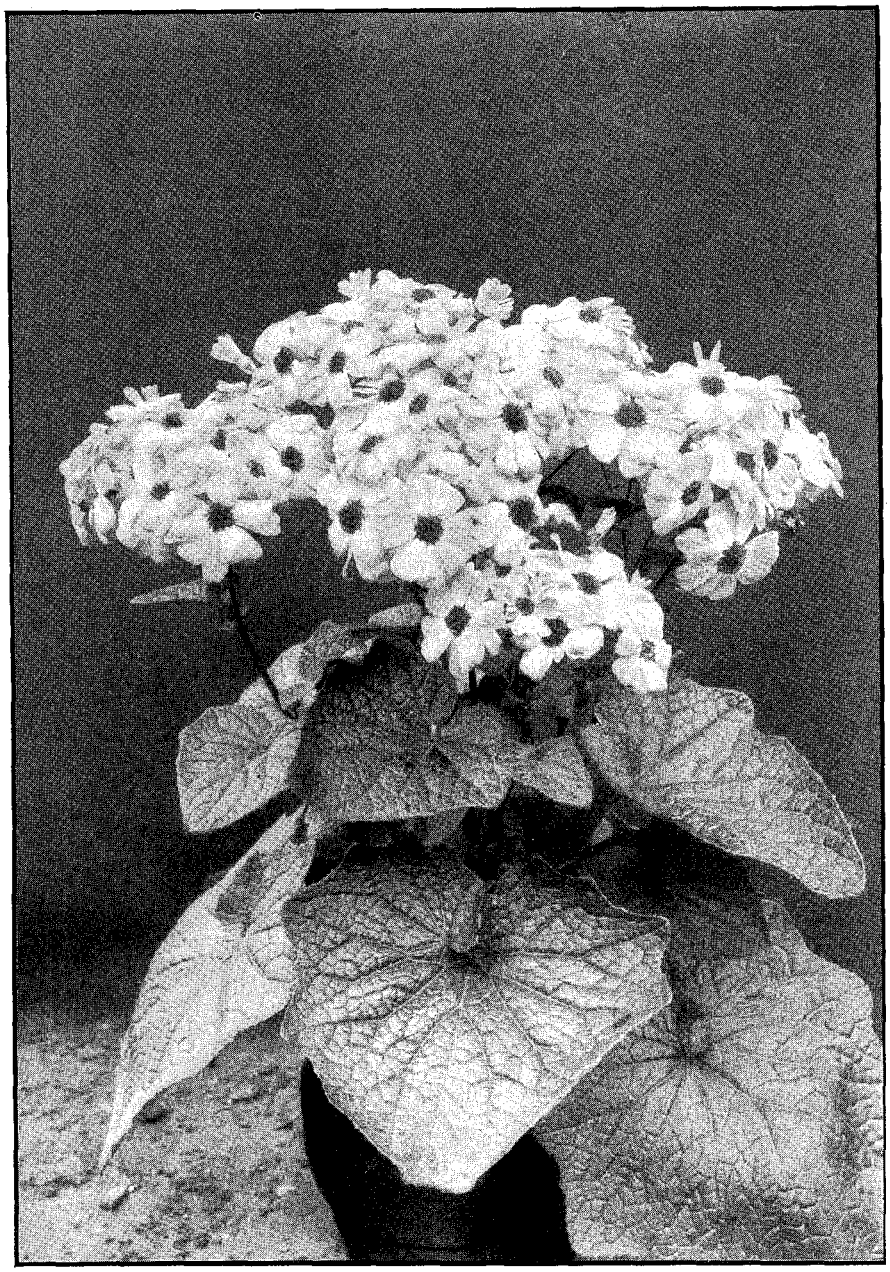

CINERARIA

lasting, is even younger. The Zinnia is exactly a centenarian. The Spanish Bean, a native of South America, and the Sweet Pea, an immigrant from Sicily, number a little over two hundred years. The Anthemis, which we find in the least-known villages, has been cultivated only since 1699. The charming blue Lobelia of our borders came to us from the Cape of Good Hope at the time of the Revolution. The China Aster, or Reine Marguerite, is dated 1731. The Annual or Drummond's Phlox, now so common, was sent over from Texas in 1835. The large-flowered Lavatera, that looks so confirmed a native, so

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THE GARDEN CHRYSANTHEMUM

simple a rustic, has blossomed in our gardens only since two centuries and a half; and the Petunia since some twenty lusters. The Mignonette, the Heliotrope—who would believe it?—are not two hundred years old. The Dahlia was born in 1802; and the Gladiolus is of yesterday.

What flowers, then, blossomed in the gardens of our fathers? Very few, no doubt, and very small and very humble, scarce to be distinguished from those of the roads, the fields, and the glades. Before the sixteenth century those gardens were almost bare; and, later, Versailles itself, the splendid Versailles, could have shown us only what is shown to-day by the poorest village. Alone, the Violet, the Garden Daisy, the Lily-of-the-valley, the Marigold, the Poppy, a few Crocuses, a few Irises, a few Colchicums, the Foxglove, the Valerian, the Larkspur, the Cornflower, the Clove, the Forget-me-not, the Gillyflower, the Mallow, the Rose, still almost Sweetbrier, and the great silver Lily, the spontaneous finery of our woods and of our snow-frightened, wind-frightened fields—these alone smiled upon our forefathers, who, for that matter, were unaware of their poverty. Man had not yet learned to look around him, to enjoy the life of nature. Then came the Renascence, the great voyages, the discovery and invasion of the sunlight. All the flowers of the world, the successful efforts, the deep, inmost beauties, the joyful thoughts and wishes of the planet, rose up to us, borne on a shaft of light which, in spite of its heavenly wonder, issued from our own earth. Man ventured forth from the cloister, the crypt, the town of brick and stone, the gloomy stronghold in which he had slept. He went down into the garden, which became peopled with azure, purple, and perfumes, opened his eyes, astounded like a child escaping from the dreams of the night; and the forest, the plain, the sea, and the mountains, and, lastly, the birds and the flowers, that speak in the name of all a more human language which he already understood, greeted his awakening.

Nowadays, perhaps, there are no more unknown flowers. We have found all or nearly all the forms which nature

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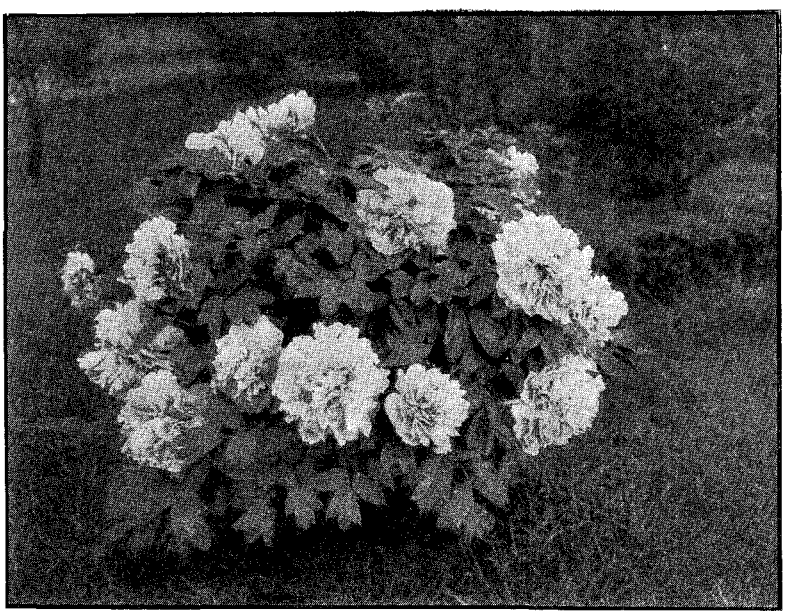
lends to the great dream of love, to the yearning for beauty that stirs within her bosom. We live, so to speak, in the midst of her tenderest confidences, of her most touching inventions. We take an unhoped-for part in the most mysterious festivals of the invisible force that animates us also. Doubtless, in appearance, it is a small thing that a few more flowers should adorn our beds. They only scatter a few impotent smiles along the paths that lead to the grave. It is none the less true that these are new and very real smiles, which were unknown to those who came before us; and this recently discovered happiness spreads in every direction, even to the doors of the most wretched hovels. The good, the simple flowers are as happy and as gorgeous in the poor man's strip of garden as in the broad lawns of the great house, and they surround the cottage with the supreme beauty of the earth; for the earth has till now produced nothing more beautiful than the flowers. They have completed the conquest of the globe. Foreseeing the days when men shall at last have long and equal leisure, already they promise an equality in sane enjoyments. Yes, assuredly, it is a small thing; and everything is a small thing, if we look at each of our little victories one by one. It is a small thing, too, in appearance, that we should have a few more thoughts in our heads, a new feeling at our hearts; and yet it is just that which slowly leads us where we hope to win.

After all, we have here a very real fact, namely, that we live in a world in which flowers are more beautiful and more numerous than formerly; and perhaps we have the right to add that the thoughts of men are more just and greedier of truth. The smallest joy gained and the smallest grief conquered should be marked in the Book of Humanity. It behooves us not to lose sight of any of the evidence that we are mastering the nameless powers, that we are beginning to handle some of the mysterious laws that govern the created, that we are making our planet all our own, that we are adorning our stay, and gradually broadening the acreage of happiness and of beautiful life.



THE PEONY

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A Literary Prophet

JOHANN GOTTFRIED HERDER, the one hundredth anniversary of whose death passed almost unnoticed in this country last month, was one of the most influential men of modern times. By profession a teacher, he became later a preacher, writer, critic, and philosophical historian; but in every vocation he was pre-eminently a seer, a man of direct insight, of profound and sensitive feeling for the life of things, and of extraordinary interpretative power. When his "Fragments" was published, he was an obscure teacher; but instantly Winckelmann discerned his quality and wrote, "Who is this modern Pindar who has made his appearance amongst you?" and Wieland declared, "This, to be sure, is a madman or a genius," while Lessing, the most acute critical mind of his time and one of the greatest critics in the history of art, said, "He is, at any rate, the only man for whom it is worth my while to publish my ideas." When, a little later, seeking refuge from the storm of

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discussion which had overtaken him after the publication of "Fragments," the young Herder met the young Goethe at Strasburg, the two men who were to profoundly influence not only German literature but modern thought became fast friends; and in 1776, through Goethe's influence, Herder was called to Weimar, where he became court preacher and superintendent of the schools, and one of that literary circle, composed of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and others, which made Weimar for a time the most influential city in Europe. Herder was not, technically speaking, a great scholar, but he had explored many different fields of knowledge.

It was not through his knowledge, however, that Herder was to serve his race; it was through his immense spiritual vitality, his faculty of getting at the heart of things. The prophet's spirit was in him, the prophet's function was his; and, more perhaps than any other man in the group of great men of which he was a member, including Kant, Winckelmann, and Lessing, he vitalized and vivified the intellectual life of his time. He was one of a small group of men who divined, without clearly discerning, the principle of development, and applied that principle to an explanation and interpretation of the arts. His principal work, "Ideas for the Philosophy of the History of Mankind," is discursive and fragmentary, but it is full of divination, of insight into the intimate and controlling relations between the work of a race and the conditions and history of that race. It regards work as a spiritual revelation, and explains the race by the things which it has done.

When Goethe declared, "Everything that man undertakes to produce, whether by action, word, or in whatsoever way, ought to spring from the union of all his faculties," he put in a few words Herder's fundamental doctrine. In an age which had become in the last degree artificial and conventional, in an art period in which French influence was still supreme, Herder reasserted the prime importance and significance of genius, the authority of the intuitive as contrasted with the purely logical processes in the arts, of the synthetic as opposed to the analytical quality of mind, of the creative as contrasted with the critical spirit. He led his generation back to the primitive sources of poetry and art. "Our minds," he declared, "to-day are differently framed from those of primitive men, owing to the education of our youth for so many past generations. We are accustomed to reflect and analyze so much that we hardly see or feel any more. We no longer poetize in or on the living world; our poetry is not the result of the contact of objects with our soul; we manufacture artificially both the subjects and the modes of treating them; and we have practiced this so long and so frequently, and we begin to do so at so early an age, that a free education would have small chance of success with us." "Poetry," he declared, in its happiest ages "lived in the ears of the people, on the lips and in the harps of living bards; it sang of history, of the events of the day, of mysteries, miracles, and signs. It was the flower of a nation's character, language, and country; of its occupations, its prejudices, its passions, its aspirations, and its soul." In these words are to be found the germ of the whole modern theory of the interpretation of the arts. Herder's doctrine can be stated in a few words: genius, growth, nature.

Saturating himself with Homer, with the Bible, with the Percy Ballads, with Shakespeare, and with the earlier and more unsophisticated writers of his own race, Herder appeared among men of his time like a prophet who brought the air of a nobler age, the movement of a fresher thought, the outlook of a finer vision. He was a revolutionist because all fresh ideas are revolutionary, but his genius was in the last degree constructive. For artificial he substituted natural conceptions; for the idea of conventional and arbitrary arrangement the great idea of natural development. In this way he not only vivified all the arts, but he brought them together in one sphere.

The words written on his tomb and on the statue at Weimar, "Life, Love, Light," express the spirit of Herder and define the fundamental aspirations of his soul.

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The City and the Boys

By Cora Clark Cooley

ACTING upon the theory that no boy is by nature a criminal, but that if he becomes one in later life it is due largely to his environment and lack of training, the present city administration of Cleveland deemed it the part of wisdom and humanity to expend money in preventing the boy from entering the pathway of crime, rather than to expend it in building jails for him after he had become a hardened criminal. Accordingly the Juvenile Court was established, presided over by a Judge whose duty it is to consider all cases of juvenile offenders.

One need only to visit this Court any morning it is in session to realize how much such an institution was needed, and how the establishment of the Farm School in connection with it is one of the most important and necessary things that Cleveland has undertaken. Here is the case of the boy who, with drunken, brutal parents, is charged with being a truant and with running away from home; there, a little homeless fellow, whose mother is dead, whose father has deserted him, and whom a policeman has found wandering on the streets, crying and begging to be taken to the Farm School; yonder, a little fellow whose father has been killed in an accident, and whose mother, left to support her family of six children, must go out washing every day except Sunday to supply even their barest necessities. These are only a few of many cases.

These boys need the wise care and guidance of both father and mother, but often have had that of neither. Naturally as bright and intelligent as the boys in more favored circumstances in comfortable homes, but condemned to the life of the streets and all its attending evils, they have been brought into court for various petty offenses. Formerly, pending trial, such boys were thrown into prison with hardened criminals, and the first irretrievable downward step toward a criminal life was taken. If tried and pronounced guilty, there was no other course than to send them to some penal institution. When released, the stamp of the criminal upon them, branded as one of "the gang," they very naturally and almost inevitably drifted from bad to worse, until sooner or later, for a really criminal offense, they were once more behind the bars.

These conditions have now been changed, and the majority of the boys who are brought before the Court are released after being committed to the care of an "official father," for it is deemed wisest and best, whenever possible, to keep the boy in his own home, even though that home is not all that it should be. These official fathers are among the leading citizens, who have interested themselves in these boys, and have volunteered to have a kindly watch and care over them. The boys report to them at regular intervals as to their conduct, and the fact that some one is taking a friendly interest in them, and expecting them to do the right thing, is very often sufficient to keep them from any further serious depredations. But there are a number who are practically homeless and friendless, or whose surroundings and opportunities are too wretched to give even the slightest hope for upright lives; these are committed to the Farm School.

The farm which has been secured for this Boys' Home is situated in a secluded spot in the country, twenty-three miles from the city and within easy access of the suburban railway. The movement is somewhat in the nature of a municipal experiment. The revenue for the support of this Home School is derived from a tax levy, and its management becomes a regular department of the city government. It has been the endeavor of those in charge of this work to make the surroundings at the Farm as homelike and attractive as possible. All the buildings have been constructed with a view to the well-being and comfort of the boys who were here to find a home, the real meaning of which most of them

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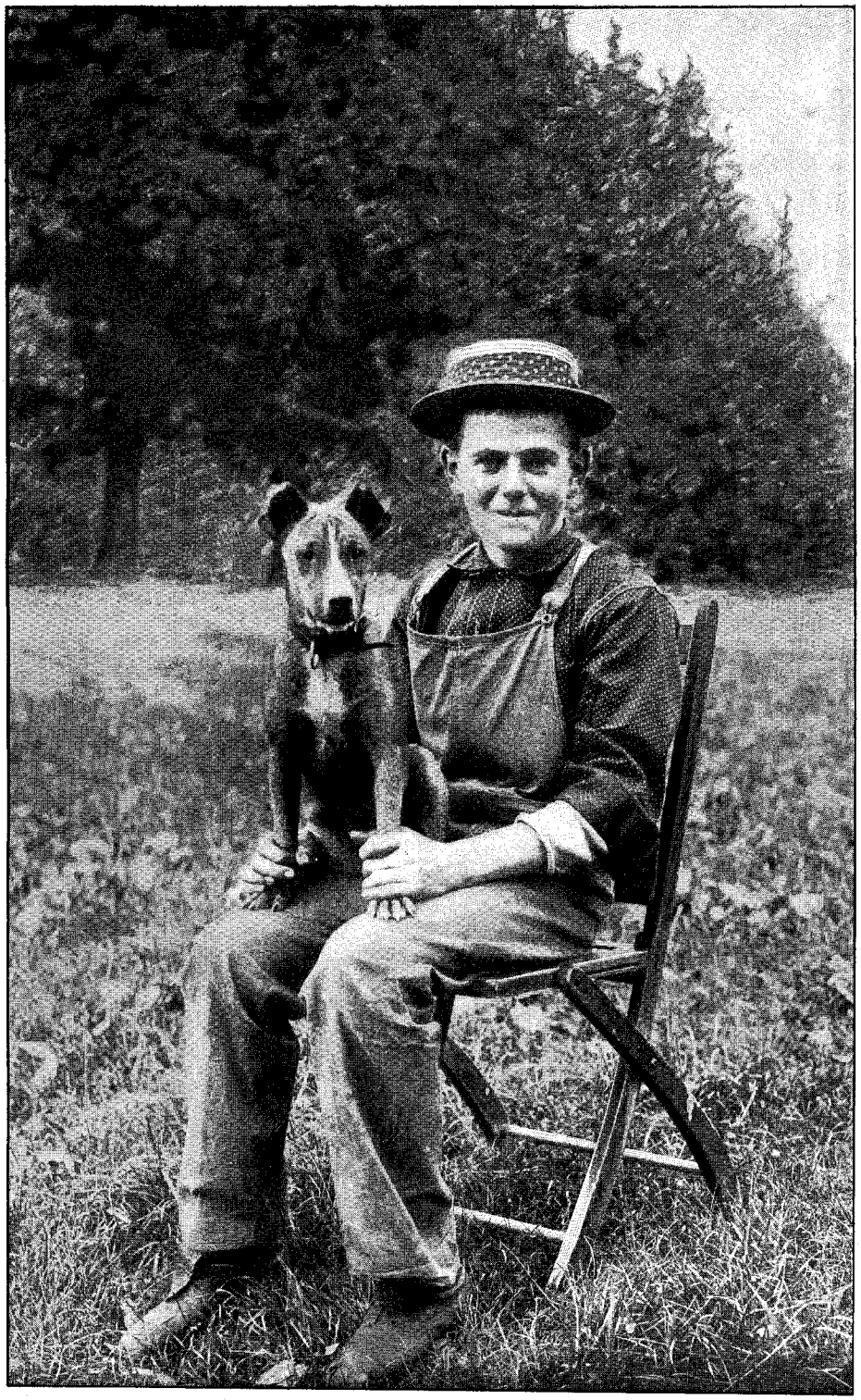

ONE OF THE BOY FARMERS

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have never known. The main or administration building, surrounded by lofty maples of a century's growth, is already completed, as also are three cottages. Other cottages will be added from time to time as needed. These buildings will be supplied with water from the many mineral springs on the farm. Instead of the boys being crowded together in one large building, as is the institutional idea, they will be divided among the cottages in groups of eight or ten each. In charge of one cottage will be the carpenter and his wife, of another the teacher and his wife, and of still another the farmer and his wife. Thus each cottage will be a home by itself, separate and apart from the others. The effort will be to train the boys so that they will cling to the family life, and, when men, naturally take their places as members of society. As the medical profession is depending more on nature and less on medicine, so the method is to make the surroundings wholesome and attractive, and to allow nature and nurture slowly to develop the normal man.

In the main building are two large recitation-rooms, one of which has already been fitted up with desks, maps, charts, and many other things necessary to the modern school-room. Here, for five hours of the day, the boys are under the care of a teacher, who instructs them in all the essential branches taught in the public schools. In addition to their regular school work, they will obtain a knowledge of different trades. This opportunity will be afforded in the process of the erection of the needed buildings and the varied work of the farm. This will constitute a practical manual training school.

One of the greatest pleasures of the boys is to write and receive letters, and instruction as to the proper method of writing has become a part of their regular school work. The following are letters which were sent to official fathers. The first was written by one of the boys soon after his arrival at the Farm, and the other several months later:

Dear friend

I am sorry that I done that mr cannel I will never do it again. we gat our school desks already. we gat three more boys know, one of them tride to run away. Sonday i went to see some wood chucks. I saw a rabbit in the bushes, then we dident see him and a boy said if it [the rabbit] is smart [enough] to lay down and a man said sure it is, then the boy hit as hard as he could and we saw the rabbit run and a man thrun his ax and pudner [pretty near] hit him.

now I will close

My Dear Sir—,

I received your kind letter and was very glad to hear from you. The reason I did not write Monday was because I was painting late and was very tired. I like this place better than I did home. I like to paint and there is plenty of it to do out here. I can milk every cow except the hind tits of a cow. Johnson is her name. I like to milk very much. I do everything I am told and get along fine. There is another boy who milks his name is Eddie Brown. He can milk very well. I would like to see every one learn to milk. The boys here each has as much to do as the other. One half of the boys sweep the house one week and the other side washes the dishes. I and my side is washing this week. They all like to wash dishes so do I. As soon as the hanging lamps come, we are going to have night school. I and the rest like to go to school. I guess I will close. Hoping when this reaches you, you will be well.

From Yours Truly

The most attractive room in the main building is the large living-room, reading-room, and library combined. This room, with its bright walls, attractive pictures, easy chairs, and large library table well filled with papers and books, and, best of all, its deep, old-fashioned brick fireplace with its crackling wood fire, is indeed a most attractive spot for a homeless boy on a cold winter evening. When the room was finally finished and its furnishings complete, and the boys were gathered there for the first time about the cheery open fire, Mr. Lohmann, the Head Master, said he thought they could not have been happier had they been in heaven.

In the management of the school, the purpose is to give a good degree of liberty and responsibility, for it is felt that, while a military discipline may be the proper method for the training of boys for soldiers, it is not the best to be pursued in training them for citizens. As far as is practical and expedient, the plan of self-government is practiced, and thus far it has proved to be most

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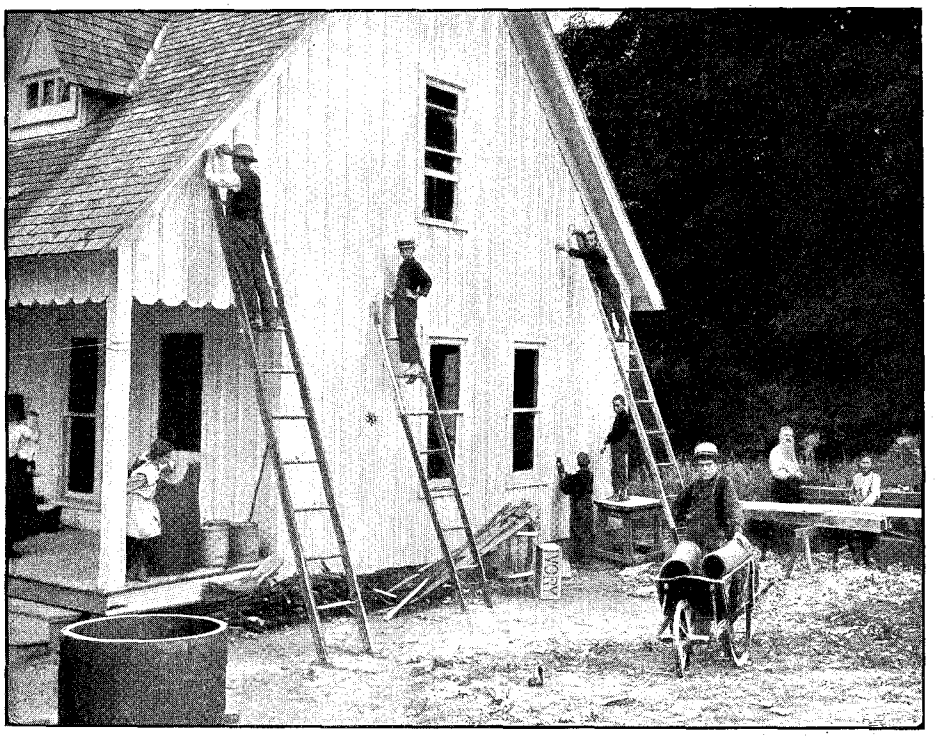
efficacious. At first it is difficult for them to rid themselves of the idea that this is a penal institution, and that they are to be subjected to the same rough treatment to which they have been accustomed. One of the new boys said to one of the old ones: "I expect youse get lots of lickings down here." "No, we don't," said the other, "but we have to do what *he* says." The boy was quite right when he said they did not get "lickings," for it is felt that the old method of flogging a boy tends to destroy his self-respect, and to make him morose, sullen, and revengeful. The unruly ones are sent to bed on a diet of bread and water, there to meditate in quiet on their conduct.



INSTRUCTION IN HOUSE-PAINTING

Whenever possible, the boys are allowed a voice in any important matter which affects the immediate welfare of the little colony. To those who regard them as outcasts, it would be surprising to see what a sense of fairness and justice they exhibit, and how their discussions are generally governed by common sense and good judgment. One little fellow, on arriving at the Home, finding everything so new and strange, missing the noise and confusion of the crowded city streets, became homesick and ran away. No sooner had he reached the city than he begged to be taken back. As this is contrary to the usual custom, it was determined to allow the other boys at the farm to decide. After discussing the subject, they finally voted to allow him to return. When the vote had been taken, a boy in the corner of the room arose and of his own accord made the motion that the next boy that ran away should not be permitted to come back. This motion was unanimously carried. The sentiment against running away had been established, and these boys voluntarily had accomplished what no amount of bolts, bars, and high fences could possibly have done. Many other questions which come up for settlement are disposed of in the same manner.

The feeling of responsibility is further increased by making each boy, as far as possible, accountable for some partic-

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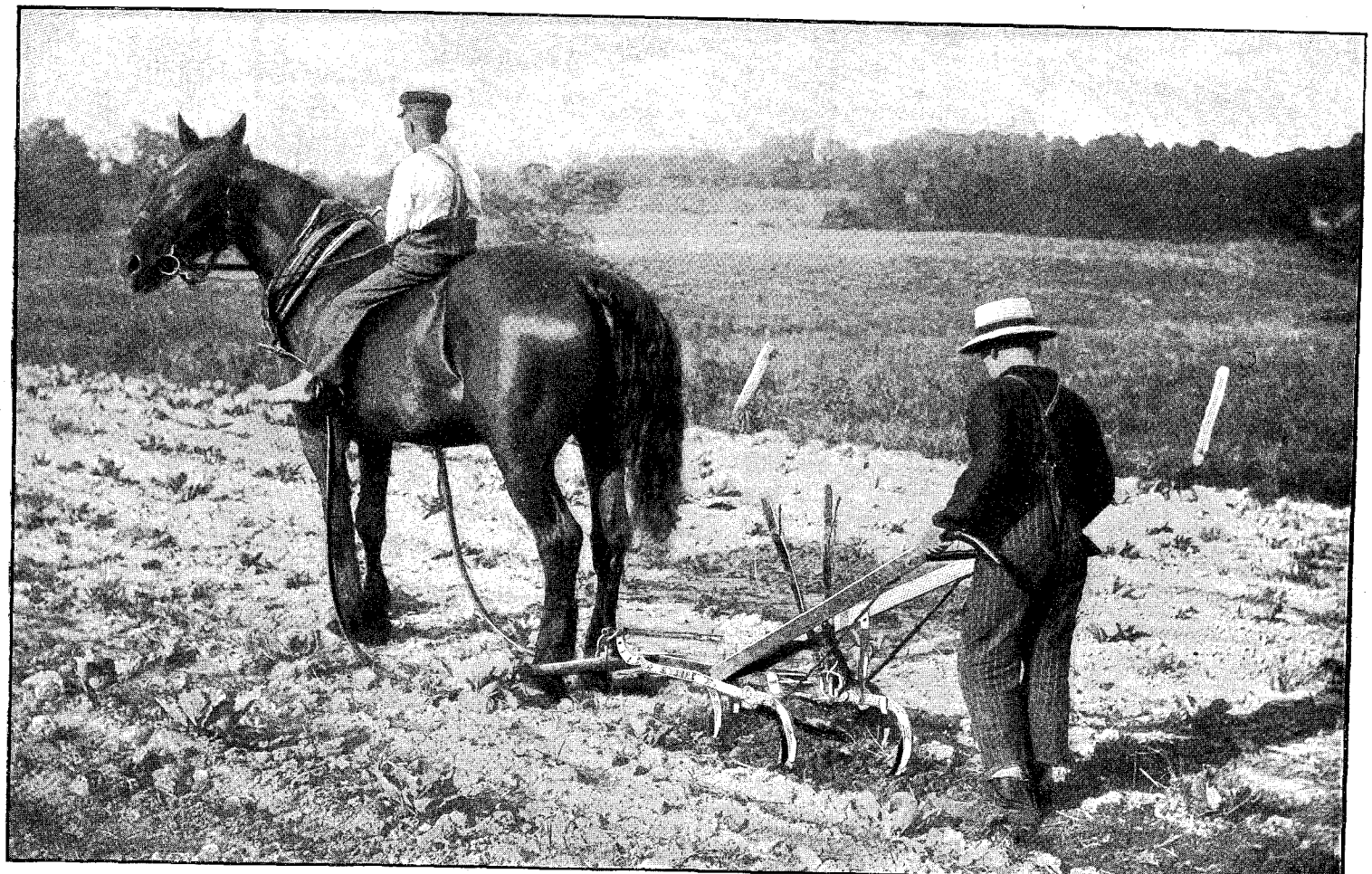

BOY FARMERS PLOWING

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ular task. Some have charge of the cows, others of the horses, others work in the fields, and upon others devolve household tasks. Thus, very early in his life at the Home, the boy is made to feel that he is a necessary part of the little community. He comes to have a deep interest in its various duties and activities, to take a pride in having everything "go off well." It is wonderful how soon this spirit of loyalty is developed, and how intrusting him with responsibility and making him feel that you have confidence in his ability and honor brings out all the manliness there is in a boy. Instead of cuffs and knocks, kind words and fair treatment; instead of the school of vice and crime, the school of honesty, self-reliance, and self-respect; instead of the dirty pavement and the crowded street for his playground, the fresh green fields and pastures, the forest, and the brook with its swimming-hole; and with it all, plenty of sunshine and pure air. One boy said, "I never knew there was such nice air; you can breathe out here." Another one said, "Well, I'm glad I'm out here. Up there in the city, I just couldn't get away from the gang. Why, one of the fellers said he'd kill me if I didn't steal and do the things he wanted me to. Here it's different. I'm going to try to be a better boy."

With all the study and work, there is a wide margin left for play, which is so essential to the healthy and proper development of a boy. Baseball and football are the favorite outdoor sports. Later there will be a regularly laid out athletic field and a gymnasium. There is the swimming-hole in summer and the skating-pond in winter. Then there are the many games supplied in abundance for the long winter evenings. Almost every boy, too, has his own particular pet, as a dog, a rabbit, a kitten, or a dove.

On one of the days of our visits to the Farm, one boy was painting, another cultivating, another digging a trench, others were working in the garden and fields, still others were washing dishes, sweeping, and scrubbing, while some of the smaller ones were hunting up "the new little calf, all black with a white spot on its nose." Late in the afternoon, though it was shivery weather, all went in swimming. In the evening they gathered in the large living-room of the administration building, around the blazing fire, and, after singing until they were hoarse, listened eagerly and intently to the reading of Ernest Thompson Seton's story of Molly Cottontail. The story was long, the room was warm, it had been a full day of work and play; one head after another began to nod, and an occasional snore was heard. Evidently it was bedtime; the good-nights were said; soon all were sunk in peaceful slumber.

Already there are thirty-six boys on the Farm, and a very cosmopolitan group it is, as almost every nationality and religion is represented.

PLAYTIME

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Thomas Wentworth Higginson

THE eightieth anniversary of the birthday of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson was quietly observed by his many friends on the 22d of December last. It might well have been made the occasion of a public celebration; for Colonel Higginson has long been a representative man of letters, and, after a singularly high-minded, honorable, and distinguished career, has reached a point where a little warm-hearted appreciation cannot harm him. Dr. Holmes once said to the writer of these words, "It does no harm if a man is spoiled after he is eighty." It is a fortunate coincidence that at this time there has come from the press a book so full of Colonel Higginson's personality and preserving so much of his knowledge and observation of persons, of movements, and of the age in which he has lived, that it has the value of an autobiography. To read the story of American literature from the hands of one who has taken part in the making of that literature, and has known nearly all the men who have had most to do with giving it direction and position, is very like the experience of the man immortalized by Browning, who had seen and talked with Shelley. In this survey Colonel Higginson is able to speak of the entire creative period of American literature from personal acquaintance and, in most cases, intimate knowledge of writers and writings. He was the associate of men whose names are now foremost in our literary history. He is himself an accomplished practitioner of the art of literature, and he is in all respects a representative man of his period.

A French biography of Colonel Higginson, entitled "A Typical American," appeared not long ago, and any one acquainted with his versatile career must perceive the aptness of the title; for he is one of those dual natures whose sword-arm is both of the flesh and the spirit, and whose life exhibits in miniature the evolution of the national ideals. Colonel Higginson has been unceasingly militant for all that is best in our achievement in liberty and culture; he has battled on the field, from the platform, and at the desk, and he has had the satisfaction of seeing many of the causes for which he fought established in fact and confirmed in wisdom. His has been the reward of benign service, "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," and to him, and to Dr. Hale, better perhaps than to any others of the older generation still lingering among us, can we look for the illustration and proof of Rabbi Ben Ezra's eulogy of the veteran's triumph:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made."

It is, therefore, with a feeling not untinged by a certain deference that the reviewer takes up the Lowell Lectures of Colonel Higginson, delivered in January, 1903, in Boston, and now appearing, edited by Mr. Henry Boynton, in book form as "A Reader's History of American Literature."[1] This work differs from all the recent histories in its vein of personal testimony. It is not primarily the product of a scholar, but of an essayist who knows his subject, however, as the pilot, after long acquaintance, knows the channels of his river.

In one of the opening pages Colonel Higginson quotes a definition of literature—one of Bacon's neglected touchstones—which ought to be brought again into active service: "Literature hath something divine in it, because it raises the mind and hurries it into sublimity, by conforming the show of things to the desires of the soul, instead of subjecting the soul to external things, as reason and history do." To explain the comparative sterility of the American first offerings in literature, Colonel Higginson finds a very illuminating contrast and parallel in the instances of Greece and Rome. The early intellectual life of Greece expressed itself in poetry, while that of Rome found its utterance

[1] *A Reader's History of American Literature.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Henry Walcott Boynton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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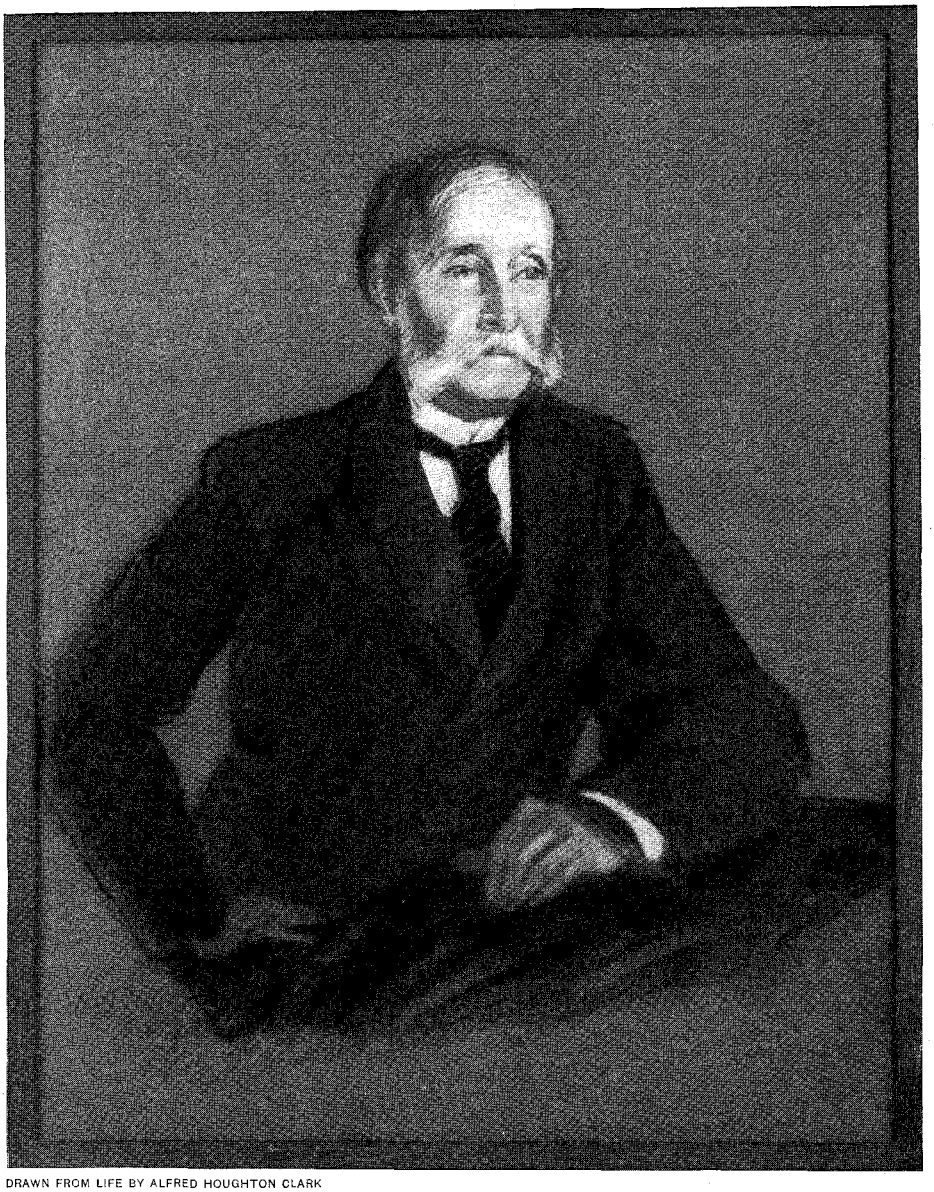

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY ALFRED HOUGHTON CLARK

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

in the less æsthetic energies of oratory and statesmanship. The poets came only after the orators and statesmen had grounded a complex civilization. "At the dawn of our national life, American intellect found its strongest utterance, not like Greece in poetry, but like Rome in oratory."

Of all the personal reminiscences, those which describe Colonel Higginson's first meeting with Whittier in a cheap Boston restaurant and his first hearing of Poe are the most impressive. The latter particularly ought to be saved and added to the authentic memorabilia of this myth-misty personality:

> One may still recall his strange face, with its ample forehead, brilliant eyes, and narrowness of nose and chin; an ideal face, anything but coarse, yet with the look of oversensitiveness which, when uncontrolled, may prove more debasing than coarseness. It was a face to rivet one's attention in any

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crowd, yet a face that no one would feel safe in loving.

After his introduction to the Boston audience, Poe stood shrinking and then began, in a thin tremulous voice, an apology for his poem, as if he anticipated harsh criticism and desired to forestall it:

When, at the end, he abruptly began the recitation of his perplexing Al Aaraaf, everybody looked thoroughly mystified. . . . The lines produced no very distinct impression on the audience until Poe began to read the maiden's song in the second part. Already his tones had been softening to a finer melody than at first, and when he came to the verses:

"Legeia! Legeia!
My beautiful one!
Whose harshest idea
Will to melody run,
Oh! is it thy will
On the breezes to toss?
Or capriciously still,
Like the lone albatross,
Incumbent on night
(As she on the air),
To keep watch with delight
On the harmony there?"

his voice seemed attenuated to the faintest golden thread; the audience became hushed and, as it were, breathless; and every syllable was accentuated with such delicacy and sustained with such sweetness as I never heard equaled by other lips. When the lyric ended, it was like the ceasing of the gypsy's chant in "The Flight of the Duchess;" and I remember nothing more, except that in walking back to Cambridge my comrades and I felt that we had been under the spell of some wizard. Indeed, I feel much the same, in the retrospect, to this day.

In some of his conclusions Colonel Higginson differs from those of conventional criticism, and in some cases he corrects accepted but erroneous opinion. Parkman, in his view, is our greatest professional historian, because his work is equally admirable for its accuracy and its literary charm. Thoreau, contrary to the common report sanctioned by Lowell, was no misanthrope. His attitude toward civilization has been unnecessarily misconstrued. The "shanty life" on the shore of Walden Pond was not the haunt of a voluntary exile, but of a poor young man, loving nature and desirous of recreation. His cabin was only two miles from his mother's door, and he went to the village every day or so to get the news. Holmes "is likely to stand as one of the few great humorists of the world"—a judgment that is more zealous than discreet. Irving's fame depends not on its specific gravity but on its "specific levity." Lowell, who was always liable to entanglement in his own wealth of thought or fancy, as a creator lacked that element of genius which is "the capacity for taking pains;" his prose work, however, contains the soundest body of criticism that America has yet produced. Another judgment, which is against Whitman, suggests that the amorphous poet of individualism and democracy, in using his catalogues of nouns and other parts of speech, fires "bird shot," which, for the purposes of true poetry, is scattering and ineffective. To Lanier Colonel Higginson devotes a number of appreciative pages, predicting that, though we have only a glimpse of what he might have done, he will live long as the Sir Galahad among American poets. He also has a personal predilection for that "metaphysical" poet, Emily Dickinson.

The most resonant note in this octogenarian's survey of our literature is its optimism and its unabated faith in the future of American letters. Professor Norton once declared that possibly the United States would mean less to civilization than Ecuador; but neither the dominance of mercantile philistines nor his distrust of what he regards as imperialism in Pacific seas can subdue the faith for which Colonel Higginson has fought and by which he still lives. He thinks the three present dangers to American letters are puritanism, prosperity, and science; but he finds no ground for fear:

Out of our strong forward-bearing American life, with its apparent complications and its essential simplicity, is to come, some day, a purer national expression than we have yet known. We are still in allegiance to Europe for a thousand things, for traditions, for art, for scholarship. For many years we must go thither, as did Robinson Crusoe to his wreck, for many of the very materials of living. We need some repression, no doubt, as the Old World has never been backward in reminding us; but what we need still more is expression. Spenser's Britomart, when she entered the enchanted hall, found above four doors in succession the inscription, *Be bold! Be bold! Be bold! Be bold!* And only over the fifth door was the inscription, needful but utterly subordinate, *Be not too bold!*

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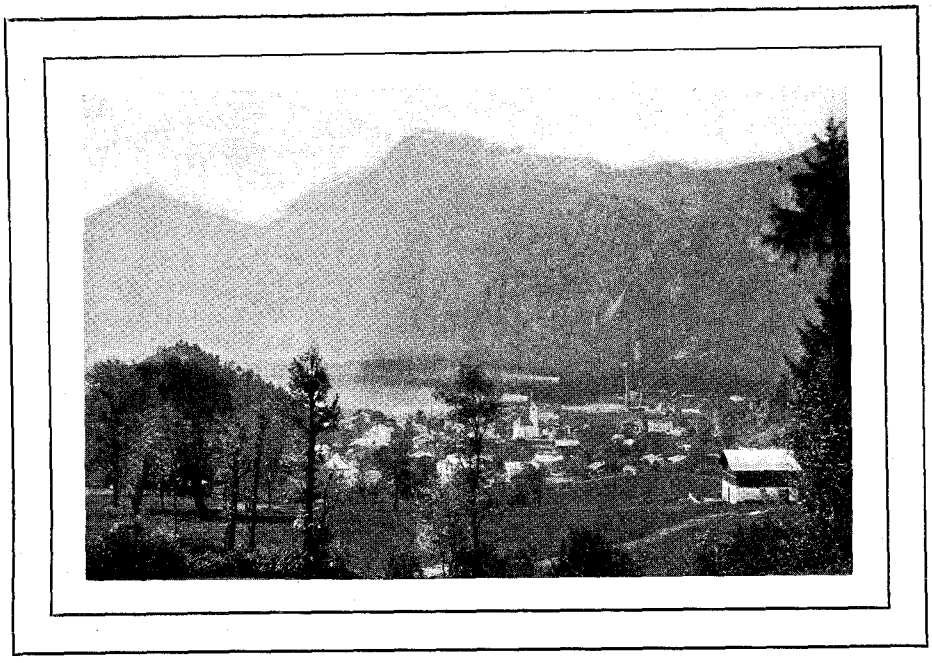

BRIXLEGG

A Passion Play in the Tyrol

By Hamilton W. Mabie

IN the Tyrol much of the simplicity and *naïveté* of the old peasant life still lingers. To those secluded valleys the tourist goes in considerable numbers, but he has not yet succeeded in effacing the characteristic qualities of a kindly and simple-hearted people. If he leaves the highways of travel, he comes at once face to face with primitive customs and finds himself among men and women of an earlier and less sophisticated age. Even in the valleys already devastated by the advance line of the host which every summer invades the pleasant places of the Old World the peasant still keeps his courtesy and his old-time standards. He shows no desire to turn more pennies than are fairly his own, or to make more hay in the sunshine of midsummer prosperity than his fields legitimately put within his reach. He touches his hat as he did in the days when a traveler rarely passed his door, and he rates his hospitality and service in terms which show no aptitude to follow the too prevalent modern habit of basing his returns not on what he supplies but on what he can get.

Among such a people a Passion Play can be presented in the twentieth century with that simplicity and sincerity of feeling which enables a modern audience to listen to and look at a mediæval interpretation of the most sacred story in the history of the world without repulsion or protest of the artistic or religious sense. Such a dramatic rendering of the tragic drama of the crucifixion is possible only to a Roman Catholic peasantry; a people to whom their religion is a matter of every-day, homelike, intimate association, and who are devoid of the self-consciousness which inevitably comes with the modern view of these things and the modern sense of man's relation to them. The peasants of the Austrian Tyrol are still childlike enough to take the great story into their hearts and express it in their bearing and gesture with the unconscious simplicity and directness of childhood. When they cease to be children, the Passion Play will no longer appeal

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to them, or they will make it sacrilegious. To-day they present it with the undaunted literalness of childhood, but also with its tender and beautiful simplicity of feeling; and the story is safe in their hands.

All the world has heard of Oberammergau, but very few people have heard of Brixlegg—a little town on the edge of the beautiful valley of the Inn, where the Alpbach comes down to meet it. Both streams have the rush of the Alpine torrent in their swift movement; as one watches the Rhone sweeping under the bridges at Geneva, or the Arve and Arveiron rushing tumultuous from the glaciers that give them birth through the noble valley of Chamouni, or the Piave winding its swift way through the passes of the Dolomites, or the Inn sweeping in a great curve about Innsbruck, he sees again those lonely fastnesses among the high Alps where the snows are continually renewed under the burning sun of midsummer. The little hamlet of Brixlegg lies just out the Inn valley within the shelter of the Alpbachthal, and the river, flowing through the very heart of the town, fills the air with the sound of rushing water. It is a place very pleasant to look at, with its noble framing of hills, its long road, its quaint, well-kept houses, with flowers in every window, and its air of old-world ripeness and quiet.

On the day of the Passion Play this road was crowded with pilgrims, some of whom had come from afar to catch this glimpse of an old and beautiful form of human speech; for there was a time when such plays were the normal language of faith and devotion. The crowd was not great in numbers, but it filled the narrow thoroughfare and taxed the hospitality of the little town to the utmost. It was a quiet crowd, bent mainly on finding places in the rude building which serves as a playhouse, and making sure of its luncheon in the intermission. The peasants of the section were present in great numbers, and were not concerned with questions of food and drink, for they had brought the hard bread, the inevitable sausage, and the equally inevitable cheese which furnish so large a part of their diet.

Promptly at half past nine a cannon was fired and the crowd made its way to the seats in the barn-like structure which serves as a playhouse. This is of the simplest construction, but well arranged and admirably adapted for its purpose.

MARY AND JOHN

CHRIST AND MARY

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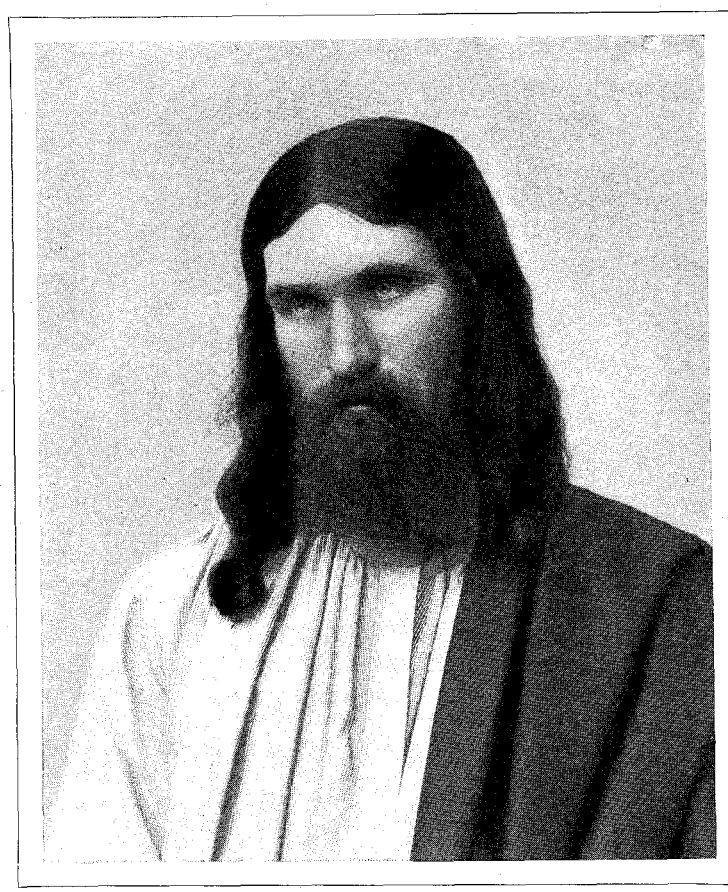

CHRIST

The rafters of the roof are in full view, and after the money-changers and the cages of them that sell doves in the Temple have been overturned, the birds seek refuge on these beams and fly about as they will to the end of the day. There are a few cushioned seats filled by strangers; the audience as a whole sat on wooden benches, as it has been accustomed to sitting from its youth. The stage is spacious and simple in decoration. On either side of the curtain are arched passages through which mobs will presently be moving, restless, excited, and clamorous; nearer the front are boxes, in one of which Pilate will later show himself in Roman dress. A second gun announced the beginning of the play, and the audience became suddenly silent as the small curtains under the boxes at the side of the stage were raised and the chorus filed on to the stage. The leader was a man of fine presence, of impressive bearing, and of a full, sweet voice. It was his function to introduce the play and to announce the tableaux. When he had done this, the chorus moved back on either side the curtain, stood in silent attention while the curtain was raised, and returned to

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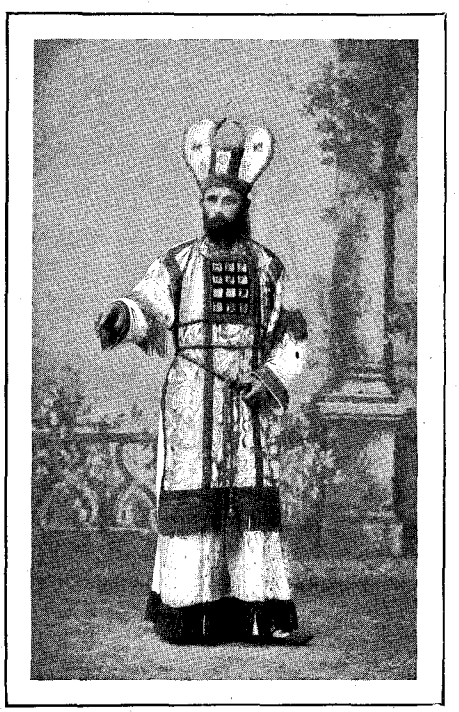
their places after it had been lowered, and sang some appropriate chant or hymn.

The play is very simple in construction, and gives more dialogue than that presented at Oberammergau. The story begins on Palm Sunday and ends on Easter morning, each great act in the drama being prefaced by a tableau from the Old Testament foreshadowing or typifying the New Testament incident or event. After the prologue spoken by the leader of the chorus, the curtain rose on the scene in which Adam and Eve are driven from Paradise by the angel with the flaming sword. In this picture the earliest projection of the great shadow falls on the imagination. This tableau was admirable in posing and color, but it was not until the more elaborate tableaux were presented that the extraordinary artistic feeling and arrangement of groups and single figures were brought home to the audience.

After this glimpse of the earliest transgression and the earliest punishment, the drama of redemption and reconciliation opens with a singularly beautiful representation of the triumphant entrance of Christ into Jerusalem. The whole scene was vividly conceived by those who took part in it and as vividly presented. They were, apparently, unconscious of the presence of an audience; they seemed to feel only the presence of the Christ. The group of little children breaking out of the arched way and moving in advance of the procession could hardly have been more thoroughly animated by or absorbed in the spirit of the unique spec tacle of the stainless teacher riding victorious to his death. There was not a trace of self-consciousness in voice, feature, or action; the picture was instinct with the vitality of a crowd, which lives for the moment not in its individual but in its collective consciousness. These children, waving palm branches in their hands, were intent only on the figure riding slowly in the heart of the throng. From that figure the moving picture received its light, as in Rembrandt's great study of the Presentation in the Temple the radiance streams from the child. The Christ looked his difficult part, and acted it with perfect simplicity and discretion. The figure was slender and erect, the features singularly regular, the expression tender and sweet without loss of strength, the manner majestic without a touch of exaggeration. He, too, like the men about him, seemed to see and feel nothing but the great experience he and they were interpreting.

Then followed in rapid succession the events which crowded the last days of Christ's life. Some of the scenes were affecting by reason of the simple pathos which invested them with the sadness of perfect love in the moment of supreme surrender. Such a scene was the parting of Christ from Mary, interpreted with a beautiful unconsciousness which laid bare the deepest human emotion. Throughout the play it was the humanity of the drama, its intimate association with the common lot and fortune of men, which invested it with dignity and robbed it of all sacrilege. The Christ bore himself from the beginning with a dignity and patience which made the audience instinctively recognize the divine in the human and unconsciously recognize the transcendent dignity of the



CAIAPHAS

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MARY

simplest human relations and experiences over all the trappings and shows of royalty and power. It was the Christ of the sinful, the sorrowful, the heavy-laden, who moved and spoke; and in the presence of his spotless integrity and tender helpfulness the splendor of the High Priests and the rich robes of the Pharisees seemed tawdry and cheap.

It was in the larger tableaux that the artistic feeling of the performers was most vividly brought home to the audience; and those who were of English blood must have felt that they had never before seen real living pictures. In the representation of the feeding of the multitude with manna in the wilderness, which preceded the Last Supper, and the raising of the brazen serpent, which preceded the crucifixion, the stage was crowded with figures; old men and young, girls and women of all ages, children and even babes. To those on the stage the curtain, which was raised twice on every tableau, must have seemed up an interminable time; to the audience the intervals were barely long enough to reveal the extraordinary harmony of color, the effectiveness of grouping, the perfection of individual posture, the marvelous stillness of the crowd, caught, apparently, by a sudden light on the desert, in perfectly unconscious attitudes. The children, many of them half clad, were as motionless as statues and as free from any suggestion of conscious posing as if they had been caught at play. Those who saw most clearly the uplifted faces of the multitude waiting for the manna will despair of conveying, by any description, the beautiful intentness which pervaded the picture and was a revelation of the artistic feeling in the souls of the peasant actors.

In the striking tableau of the raising of the brazen serpent in the wilderness the abandon of the children was especially noticeable. This was, perhaps, the most effective of the many living pictures which set the great motive of the passion play in vital relations with the past. It was impossible to look on it unmoved,

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so appealing was the pathos of sorrowful and helpless humanity which penetrated it. The marvelous quality which the little children contributed to the general effect was the complete relaxation which they showed in every limb. They lay in their mothers' arms as if death had already smitten them, every muscle and limb emptied of all influence of the will; not only motionless, but inert and lifeless. There was something in this abandon which only the simple-minded can achieve; and one of the secrets of the lack of convincing power in a great deal of contemporary art lies in its extreme sophistication, its inability to recover "the first fine careless rapture" which is the gush from the deepest spring in the soul.

In the acting and spoken parts the men were far more effective than the women; they showed more dignity of bearing, more dramatic power, better vocal quality. The women were more intense, more aware of the presence of the audience, less musical in tone and pitch of voice. They seemed to be more self-conscious, and missed the charm of perfect simplicity. They had, apparently, lost something of the peasant quality without gaining the resources of a richer culture. Mary looked her part admirably, but neither spoke nor acted it convincingly. There was a touch of the stage in her voice and gesture. John, on the other hand, was convincingly tender and meditative, and one had only to look at his sensitive face to understand why his place was nearest the heart of the Master. Peter was rugged, vehement, impulsive, and penitent; Judas, self-seeking, out of sympathy with the group to which he was attached but to which he did not belong, and, in the tragic close, a shade too dramatic. The priests were hard, cold, uncomprehending—the embodiment of that kind of formal orthodoxy which is cruel through sheer blindness of heart, and makes a bitter travesty of that which it professes to guard with jealous care by its deep-going lack of the religious instinct and spirit. The mob was admirably handled; full, on one day, of unreasoning enthusiasm, and, on another, the easy prey of the leaders who played upon its baser passions; marching in one moment, after the manner of mobs, with waving palms and jubilant hosannas about the hero of the hour, and in another shouting itself hoarse with imprecations and the terrible cry, so familiar to those who have tried to lead society to better things, "Crucify him, crucify him!"

The story was interpreted with such simplicity that not a jarring note was struck until the very end; at the close, in the last terrible scenes, there were two or three places where one involuntarily closed his eyes and shivered; the realism was too great for a sophisticated spectator to bear. But even in these scenes there was no lack of reverence; there was simply a difference, centuries old, in the way of looking at sacred things.

The first part of the play ended at twelve; the second began at one, and it was five o'clock before the halleluias of the resurrection were sung. During all these hours the audience sat motionless and intent. To a visitor the spectators who came from a distance seemed to feel the pathos of the story far more deeply than the peasants; the latter were quiet and attentive, but they showed no sign of emotion; they seemed to take the tragedy as a matter of course. The fact that the Christ and Peter and John and Judas were men with whom they had played and with whom they worked may have taken from the play the terrible intensity with which it appealed to the spectator from abroad; or it may be that the wide differences of religious education and habit made them less responsive while not less interested. It is quite certain that the English-speaking Protestant must learn and unlearn many things before he can speak intelligently of the religious life of the Roman Catholic peasant in a country like Austria.

With the fall of the curtain the crowd seemed to melt away, and when night fell there was no sound in the little hamlet save the rush of the river. The heavens and the hills seemed to be in a closer fellowship that night because the divine and the human in the life of man had been set forth with such tender and beautiful simplicity.

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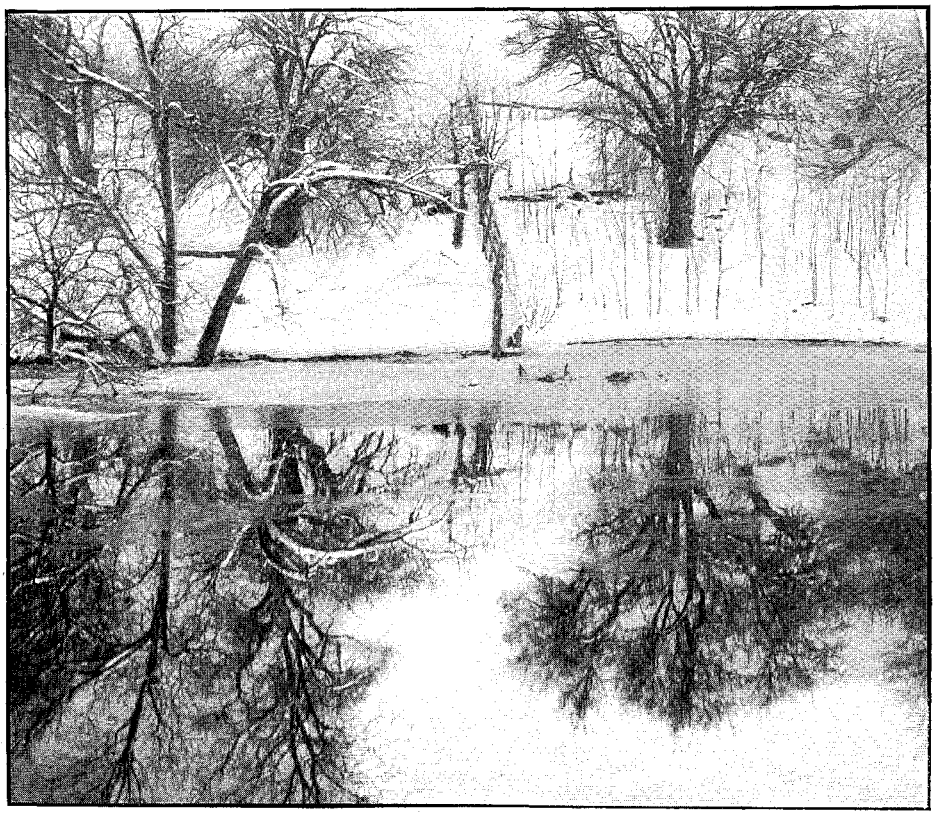

February

By Sara Andrew Shafer

Photograph by Wallace Nutting

The laggard sun, on frosty morn,
Throws long beams through the stubble corn.
Against the sunset, naked trees
Weave magic bredes and traceries.
From woodman's ax the splinter bounds;
The flicker's cheery tapping sounds;
Ice thaws, and in the quickening flood
Are vague, fond hopes of leaf and bud,
When, lo! like fleck of living sky—
Full-songed, a bluebird sweet flits by!

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AN INDIAN BY CHOICE

This is a New York white boy living with the Indians. See page 355.

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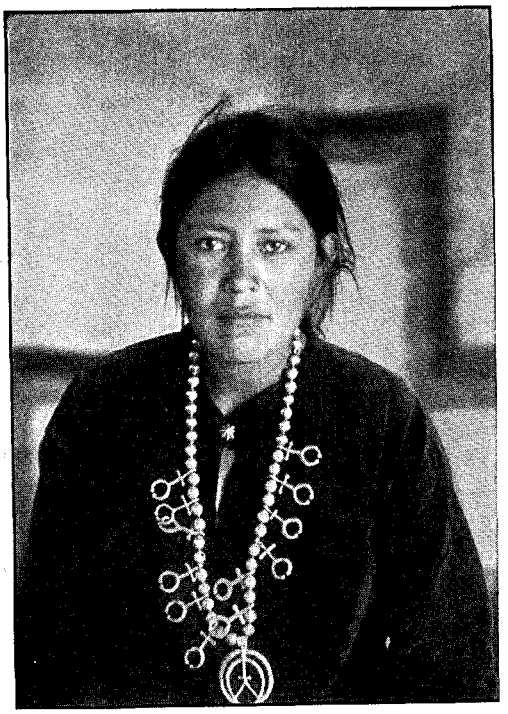

Among the Navaho

By A. W. Dimock

Illustrated with Photographs by Julian A. Dimock

THIRTY years ago I was present at the councils at Fort Sill which terminated in the surrender of Satanta and Big Tree, Kiowas, to their tribe. There were speeches by Lone Wolf, Kicking Bird, Buffalo Good, Quirts Quip, and other chiefs of the Kiowas and Comanches, who were present in force. The negotiations were as between equals; the United States finally abandoned its position, surrendered the captives, and thereafter "all went merry as a marriage bell."

On the following day another council was held, this time at the Agency, two miles from the post, at which the Government demanded the surrender of five Comanches who were accused of raiding in Texas. The Agency building was crowded, and surrounded by armed and angry Indians. As I entered, Black Beaver, of the Delawares, with whom I was acquainted, came to me and told me that the Indians were very angry, there was going to be trouble, and that I had better go away quickly. I saw Jack Stillwell, the young scout of Beecher's Island fame, with whom I had camped, standing by a window, and repeated to him what Beaver advised. Stillwell said there was a good chance of a Canby massacre unless the Commissioner changed his tune. I asked him what he proposed to do when the trouble began. He pointed to his horse, tied just outside the window where we stood, and said that if he was alive *after* the trouble began he would be on that horse. The proceedings of the council, turbulent from the beginning, culminated in a fiery speech by Black Horse, who closed by saying: "Here are the men you want: why don't you take them? You say it means war if we don't give them up;

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NAVAHO WOMAN SPINNING

then it may as well begin now." Cartridges were churned into the barrels of Spencer rifles, revolvers drawn, and bows strung, and the lives of half a dozen white men hung by slender threads. I was sitting beside Lone Wolf on a bench near the corner of the room, armed only with a little pocket Derringer, when Iron Mountain, an old Comanche chief with whose band I had recently been camping and hunting buffalo, put his arm around me and drew me into the corner. Other Comanches placed themselves in front of me until I was shut out from the proceedings, to my very considerable relief. A pacific speech by Toshoway, the oldest chief of the Comanches, who interrupted Black Horse, gave the Commissioner the opportunity to withdraw his demand, for which at least one white man was grateful.

This was before the Custer massacre, while yet the Apaches were in a condition of perennial revolt, and other tribes were living upon Uncle Sam through the winter, buying cartridges of the Indian traders for use in the spring against soldiers and citizens alike. Where this council met are to-day the stations of two great railroad systems. Where I then camped, scores of miles from the habitation of a white man, are now great cities with churches and colleges, elevators and electric lights, banks and opera-houses. Where then buffalo grazed in herds of thousands and tens of thousands are fields of corn and cotton by the square mile, farmed by the white men who lease them from the Indian to-day, but who will own them to-morrow. The wealthy Indian proprietors drive around the country with their families in carriages of every description, not even excepting an occasional hearse. The famous, or infamous, Geronimo occupies a house near Fort Sill, where

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A NAVAHO BOY

he grotesquely poses as an imperial prisoner, posturing—for a consideration—for artist or evangelist indifferently. Some of the old prairie dogs may yet be seen near the post; everything else has changed. From substanceless wanderers these Indians have become of the wealthy communities of the world. The Government safeguards their property and rights, and provides lavishly for their secular requirements and the education of their children, perhaps as wisely as defective instruments permit. The field is a favorite of churches and missionaries; a board of distinguished citizens exists in the interest of the Indian; the Sequoia League, named for the Cherokee Cadmus, and incorporated "to make better Indians," keeps tab on the lot. Mr. Charles F. Lummis is President of this league, David Starr Jordan is the head of its executive committee, and its membership includes a daughter of John C. Fremont, a granddaughter of Henry Ward Beecher, Archbishop Ireland, and a score of others of merited distinction. Individual philanthropists labor for and among the Indians—men who encourage them in industrial pursuits, and women who first teach them the use of water and combs, and get around to their spiritual condition later. Sometimes they must preach the gospel of cleanliness to communities whose every drop of water has to be packed six miles. The common purpose is to transform the Indian into a good citizen, make him industrially independent, and incidentally to substitute the complicated necessities of civilization for the simple requirements of the aborigine. From every railroad in his country tourists throw nickels and kodakers toss dimes and dollars to Indians who line the stations, women and children with baskets,

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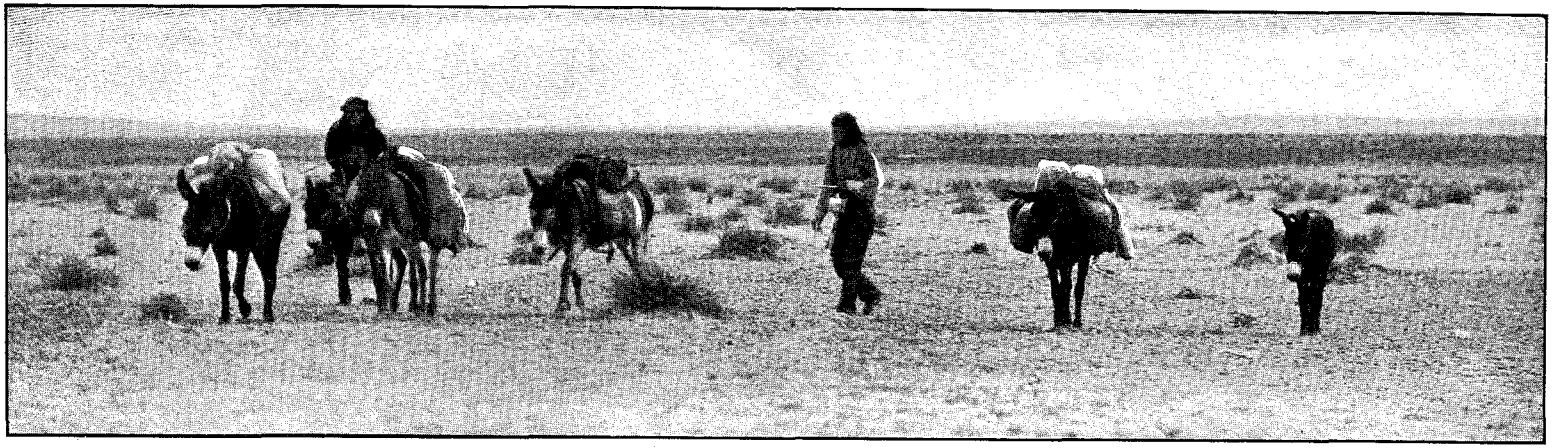
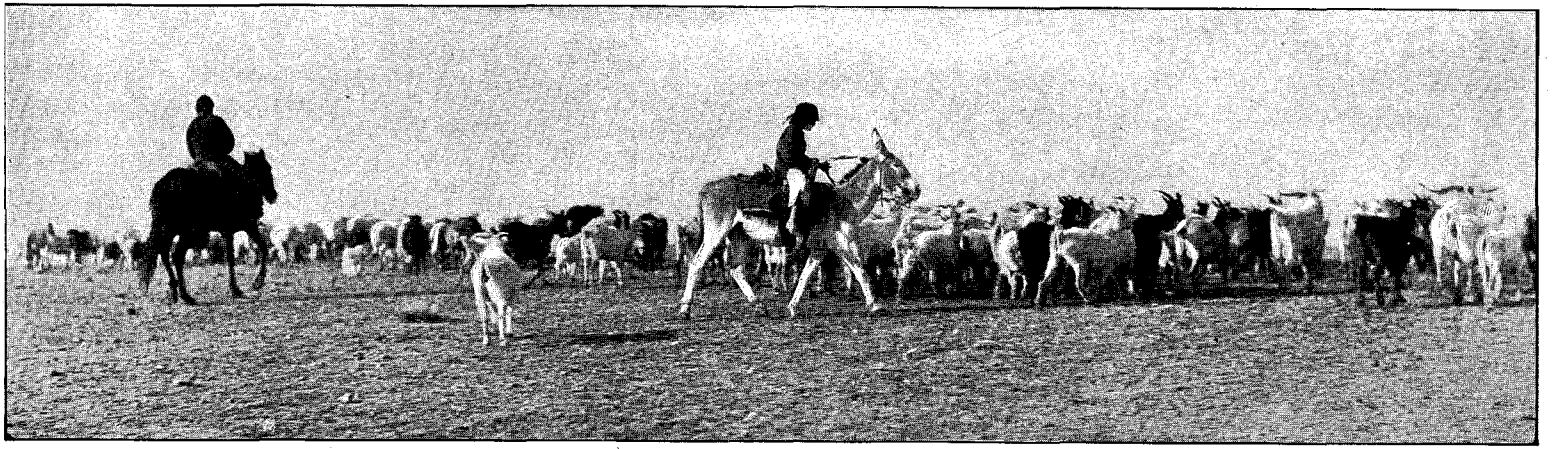


A BURRO TRAIN LOADED WITH WATERMELONS COMES TO TRADE



NAVAHO BOY AND GIRL HERDING SHEEP

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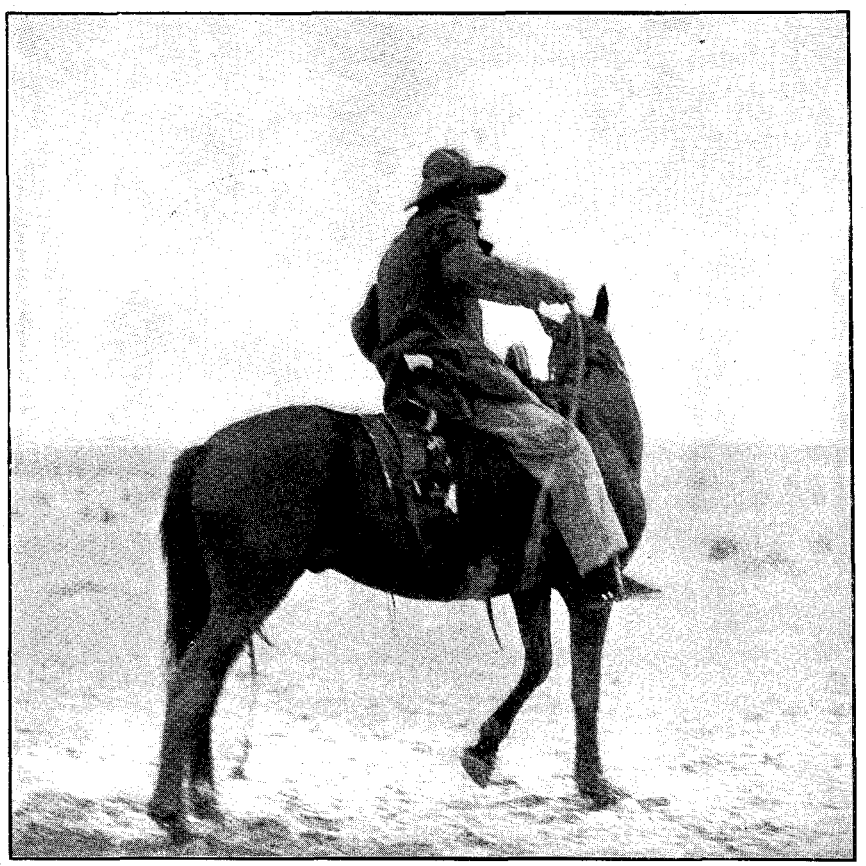
with babies, with alleged curios, all with the cry of the daughters of the horse-leech. Appeals are made to Eastern organizations, and car-loads of food are contributed by the charitable for the relief of the suffering Indians. The recipients then trade off the food they do not want for the tobacco and trinkets they do. As we left the Atchison railroad at Cañon Diablo, we met a young New York boy of good family who wanted to be an Indian. He had succeeded so well in appearance that passengers threw nickels and an orange to him. He promptly threw back the nickels and "soaked" the conductor with the orange. The illustration that precedes this article may carry the first news of him for many months to one who often asks "where is my wandering boy to-night?"

The old fierceness has been battered out of the Indian, but the cringing attitude which has taken its place is not pleasing. He has abated his superstitions and laid aside many of his gods to worship the almighty dollar of his white brother.

The subject has been considered from every standpoint excepting—the Indian's. His rights and customs are ignored, his ethics and religion violated, his traditions and prejudices outraged. It might be well to educate him on the lines of his interests and tastes. Well-



"BIG MEDICINE MAN"

meaning men have tried to make agriculturists of the Navaho. Give a Navaho fifty acres of land and, excepting for a little corn, it will go uncultivated; but let him have a hundred cattle and horses and a thousand sheep and he and his family will herd them. Yet his methods are primitive and wasteful. His lambs arrive at all seasons, and one-third die of exposure. Interbreeding is slowly ruining his flocks. Sometimes traders buy rams for the Indians and

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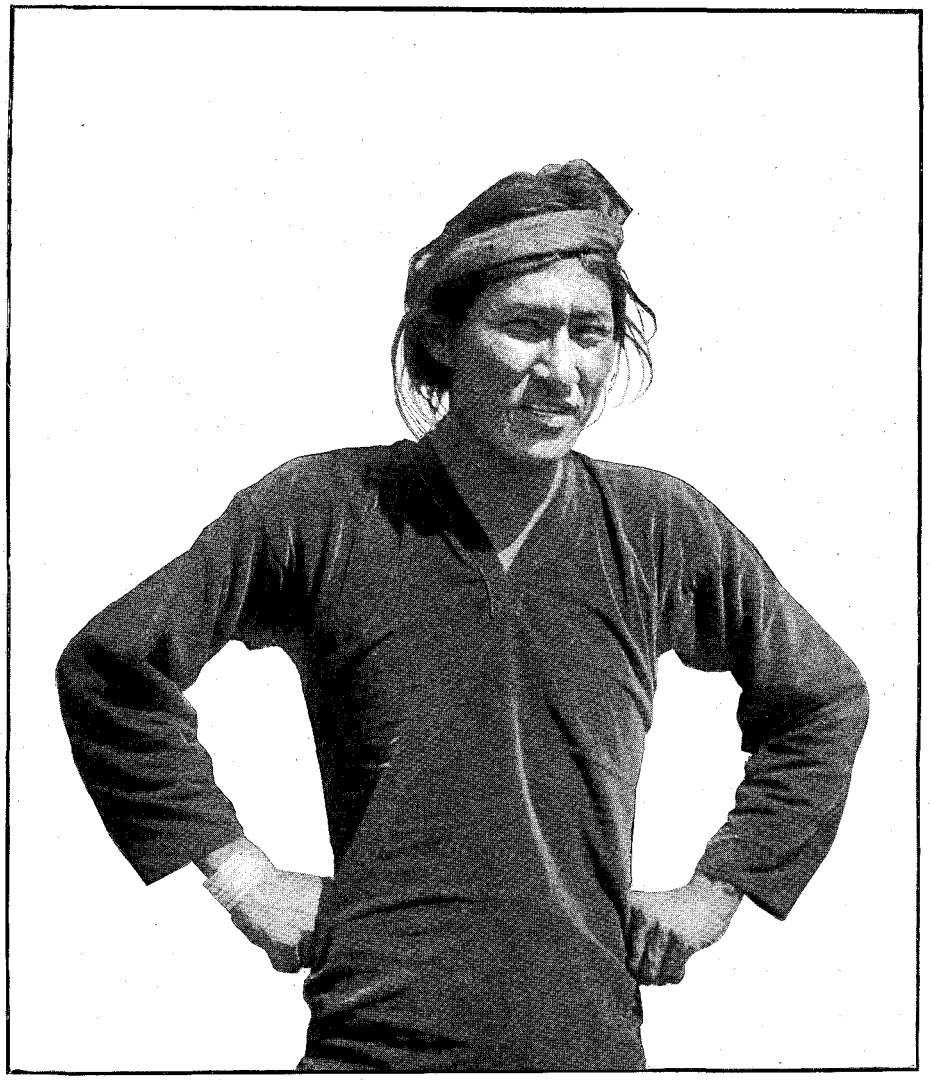

A TYPICAL NAVAHO INDIAN

make helpful suggestions which the Indians adopt, for the traders inspire their confidence with the same certainty with which the officials excite their distrust. The obnoxious hair-cut order of last year, often carried out by violence, illustrated the official capacity for manufacturing trouble. Young Navaho said, "You may cut off our heads, but it will take soldiers to cut our hair," and older members of the tribe repeated, "Remember Bosque Redondo and our promises." Many gave up employment rather than be degraded.

After a big rain this curious country of the Navaho is cut up with little cañons ten or twelve feet deep with vertical walls, at the bottom of one of which we found ourselves with a broken wagon. It was late at night, yet a near-by Navaho opened his hogan to us, while his wife prepared a supper of roast horse, roast corn, coffee, and peaches. The little fire of sage-brush that cooked the supper and lit the hogan far into the night while we talked would scarcely have warmed a civilized stove. It shone upon a fine old face, as the Indian talked earnestly to us of his people, his life, his children, and his troubles. His voice

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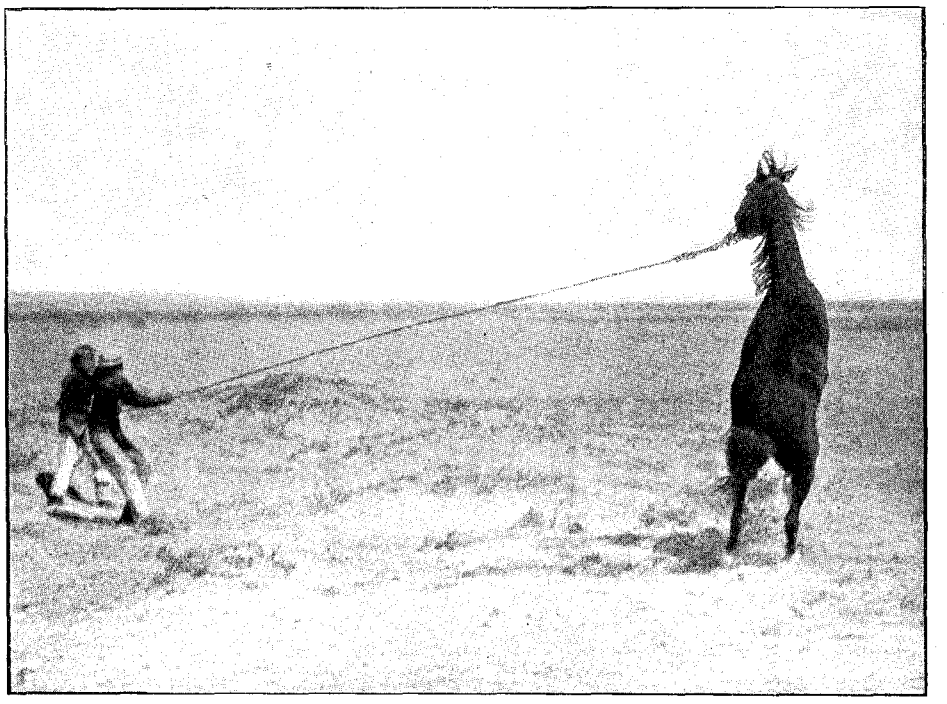
trembled with earnestness as he said that he wanted no help from Washington, only that he might be let alone. He cared for his cattle and his corn, his wife for the sheep and goats, she spun and wove the wool, and they had plenty to eat and skins and blankets to trade. If Washington wished to cut the hair of his children and put them in schools, it could do so, but they ought not to be sent to school with the Mokis, nor far away to be taught to forget him. As he talked, his wife sat opposite him carding wool, often looking up in his face, and sometimes caressing the sleeping baby beside her. The next day, in front of the hogan with her baby beside her, she spun the carded wool into yarn with the aid only of a little stick attached to a small wooden disc. As we were leaving, the Navaho asked me to give him a paper which would tell the agent not to take away from him the home which he had built beside the Little Burro Spring, a spring that he had walled up for the free use of everybody. He said that Washington thought the Navaho were dogs, but liked the Mokis because they told lies and said they liked Americans, and that now the Washington agent had told him to give up to Mokis, men of another tribe, his home on the reservation of his own tribe.

"One story is good until another is told," and there may have been reason for the agent's action; but to leave that sense of injustice rankling in the mind of that Indian was to display a want of the tact essential to the proper management of those big children whom we call Indians. One unpractical philanthropist obtained from the Government an appropriation of five thousand dollars to dam the Little Colorado. The dam was built in the sand and rested upon faith, which might have been good from his point of view, but from an engineering standpoint was a bad dam foundation. Of course it went out when the water came in, which happens infrequently, as the river only flows about two months in each year. When we crossed the Little Colorado, the water was fetlock deep and the heat intense, but a day or two later a storm left the ground covered for days with several inches of hailstones, and the river bank-full and unfordable. A friend who crossed with us, compelled to meet a



NAVAHO BOYS TAMING AN UNBROKEN HORSE

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A RACE BETWEEN NAVAHO BOYS

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lecture engagement, had to swim a stream that swept him well down among the quicksands below the ford. If the dam had stood, it would have been worthless, for the water of this portion of the Little Colorado is so alkaline that even the Mormons could not utilize it, and its quicksands each year swallow cattle and sheep by the thousand. The money wasted on this dam would have established a score of wells with pumps, each of which would have made available grazing territory with a radius of ten miles. I know of a well of this kind established by private enterprise, with a pump which is seldom at rest. Navaho boys and girls bring their flocks of sheep and goats to the troughs provided, and pump by the hour until the animals are satisfied. Mounted on ponies or burros, these children who herd the sheep are a happy lot. A Navaho boy of eight or ten years requires no saddle, and can improvise a bridle from a bit of rope. He climbs the foreleg of the pony, then swings by the mane to the neck, and scrambles on his back. If he tumbles off, he rolls like a ball from under the pony's feet, but seldom lets go of the rope. Often a girl will swing down from her saddle to pick up a motherless lamb, while her small brother captures an old sheep or goat, which is then compelled to nurse the foundling.

Of the Indians of the Southwest the Navaho are the manliest and the least civilized. Once warlike, they were starved into submission by Kit Carson and his command in 1864, and were confined at Bosque Redondo. After four years of homesickness and some scurvy, they promised to be good and were sent home. To this day "Remember Bosque Redondo" from the lips of one who *does* remember cools the young Navaho blood.

The Navaho are superstitious—like other imaginative people. They believe in an invisible supreme being, but have different gods for special uses—crops, stock, etc. They believe that a goddess now lives in the Pacific Ocean, who planted a Navaho boy and girl on the top of a mountain which appeared just above the ocean, and afterwards came back and brought them cattle, sheep, and other animals. They have a superstitious reverence for the sun, moon, and stars. The medicine man goes out from his ceremony and says he sees the sun; then the patient gets well. The Navaho will not willingly kill anything except for food, not even a rattlesnake. He would no more step over the trail of the snake than some civilized women would sit at table in a company of thirteen. They believe in their medicine men and delight in their incantations quite as a civilized spiritualist enjoys his séances. One night I visited a hogan (the wigwam of the Southwest) to see a medicine man cure the sore eyes of a woman. Men and women sat around the outer wall, while children roasted corn at the fire in the middle of the room. The woman to be cured sat on a sheepskin with her young baby in her arms. Beside her the medicine man shook a rattle of turquoises and shells within a dried gourd, and led a monotonous but not unmelodious chant in which the men in the room joined. On the ground were bags of tobacco and cigarette-papers. An uplifted paper meant "pass the tobacco." The medicine man made a mess of herbs and powders in a basin of water, and anointed, exhaustively, both woman and baby. The baby received the attention with the gravity of a graven image, until the soles of its feet were touched, when it squirmed and screamed like an infant of civilization. Mother and child finally drank the decoction. The New York boy with Indian proclivities and long hair said to the woman, "Why don't you stop this nonsense?" She replied, "Why don't your Government cut your hair?" After forty-eight hours of mummery the Indian woman assured me that her eyes were cured. I thought of an old friend, once a clergyman, afterwards a Christian Scientist, whose little daughter was reading in my library, with the pages of her book nearly touching her nose. "Your father must take you to an oculist; those near-sighted eyes need glasses." The myopic orbs were turned upon me as she replied, "I'm not near-sighted now; I used to be, but Christian Science cured me." Lifting the blanket that served as the door to a hogan, there sat before me a man

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making medicine for the cure of a sick child. The little one, obviously dying, lay in the lap of its mother, whose startled face voiced the hopelessness that had just come to her. As I turned from the room where I felt I had no right to stay, there was a low moan from the mother, who drew her blanket over her head—the child was dead.

Hospitality is a matter of course with these people. If you are near a hogan at meal-time and are hungry, you stop there. You sit on the ground by the fire and help yourself to roast horse, lamb, or beef. While an Indian woman was broiling some mutton from a sheep which she had just killed that we might be fed, we were using the camera. Our New York Indian said to her, "He's taking your picture, and your head is away from him." "That's the way I want my picture taken," was her reply; and later as we were eating she said, "Now I'll take your picture while you eat."

BURROS

The man of influence among the Indians is the trader. There are Indian villages from which a white man is turned back unless he has a paper from a certain trader, and where a pass from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs would be waste paper. He is their adviser, confessor, and banker. I had a prejudice against Indian traders, extending over thirty years, but I saw one walk half a mile to break into a locked hogan for the use of three children who were herding their flocks far from home. He told them he would make it all right with the owner of the hogan, who was a friend of his. He gave flour, baking-powder, salt, sugar, and coffee to a woman who said she was hungry and had no money.

"It's all good business," said he. "I live by these people; they are good to me and I am good to them." As we talked a Navaho boy rode up to the store and with much earnestness told the trader that two Mokis had stolen his brother's coat, and asked him to get it back. Half an hour later the Mokis, with burros burdened with watermelons, came to trade. The trader accused them of having stolen the coat. Butter wouldn't have melted in their mouths as they denied having seen the coat, and opened their packs for inspection. "Never mind your packs, take off your saddles," said the trader. Under a saddle-blanket was the coat, which was returned to the boy, who pointed out that the silver buttons had been cut from the coat. Again the Mokis professed ignorance, until the trader told them that their burros would go to his corral and stay there until the buttons were found. When the buttons were forthcoming, the trader said, "Now I will show you what it costs to be thieves," and gave their largest melon to the Navaho boy to pay him for having to ride eight miles for the coat. He broke two other melons upon the ground and invited the Indians present to help themselves.

A trader's store is a good place to study the Indian. A young enthusiast from the East, a member of the Sequoia League, stays all day behind the counter of a trader friend, and writes up vocabularies all the evening. He is in the way of learning the language if he does not ruin his friend by his trades, and has already modified his views of the confiding nature which makes the Indian the easy victim of the unscrupulous trader. One night he good-naturedly opened the store after it had been closed to allow an Indian, whose request he did not understand, to point out on the shelves the thing he wanted. The Indian only wanted a drink of water. The young man hailed from an athletic college, and was always ready to ride the bucking broncos of the Indians, and

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once challenged their champion runner to a hundred-yard dash. I refereed the affair. Two Indian girls left their flocks to act as seconds for their countryman, their duties consisting in helping him to dress, in the ultra-fashionable meaning of the word. They held up the game until their offered bets of a silver button, the equivalent of a dime, had been taken, and the coins deposited with the trader who acted as stakeholder. The contestants agreed to start themselves, but the troubles of Babel possessed them, and it was only after half a dozen false starts that they came flying down the course. It was a dead heat, as I explained to the dissatisfaction of everybody, especially the girls, who were sure their champion had won.

There was an unbroken horse in the corral which was counted an "outlaw," and a young Navaho was invited to ride him. He was allowed help to saddle the horse, but was forbidden to choke him after the method of the Indians in breaking their own ponies. He conquered the horse, but sat through a bucking performance that left blood running from both his nostrils. Some system of wireless telegraphy brought a lot of Navaho youngsters from considerable distances to see the bronco-busting and the foot-race. They raced for us on foot and on their ponies, picked up handkerchiefs from the ground while riding at full speed, and wrestled. In the evening there was music on a flageolet, singing and dancing in American style, all of which the young Navaho imitated with glee, and then danced for us after the fashion of their own people, until, in the small hours, the trader stopped the performance by turning the boys loose among his watermelons, after which they rolled themselves in blankets on the prairie beside the store.

In the morning, after a breakfast for which they brought the water and did the work, one after another of the lot of bright-faced youngsters mounted his pony, thanked us as nearly as he could in our language, and laughed with delight at our attempts to reply in his. I thought of the knights of the rueful countenance I had seen in the Indian schools, with their cropped hair and their neat clothing; of the round-ups that kept the rolls full, when the superintendent, as one of them told me, found the truant children by the crying in the houses; of the two youngsters who were captured ninety miles from their school by an Indian agent, an Indian policeman, and two cowboys, who found it easy to follow their trail—for it led to their homes—and it seemed to me that I had found the line of least resistance in the treatment of the Navaho.

To the Friendliest of Poets

By George Herbert Clarke

Chaucer, kind heart, who with the score and ten
Laughed your long way through Kent's a-greening fields,
So mild, my gentleman! yet your arch pen
Its ancient freshness yields.

Life was to you no dreary heaviness,
No, nor a fretting puzzle for the mind;
You saw the best and worst, and both would bless,
For both were of mankind.

The "smale fowles" lusty would be singing,
The summoner his "stif burdoun" would bear,
But in your poet-soul the music ringing
Was sure the sweetest there.

Maister of words, and lover of the human,
Refresh us ever with your vernal prime;
A tonic draught for us, or man or woman—
Your frank and winsome rhyme!

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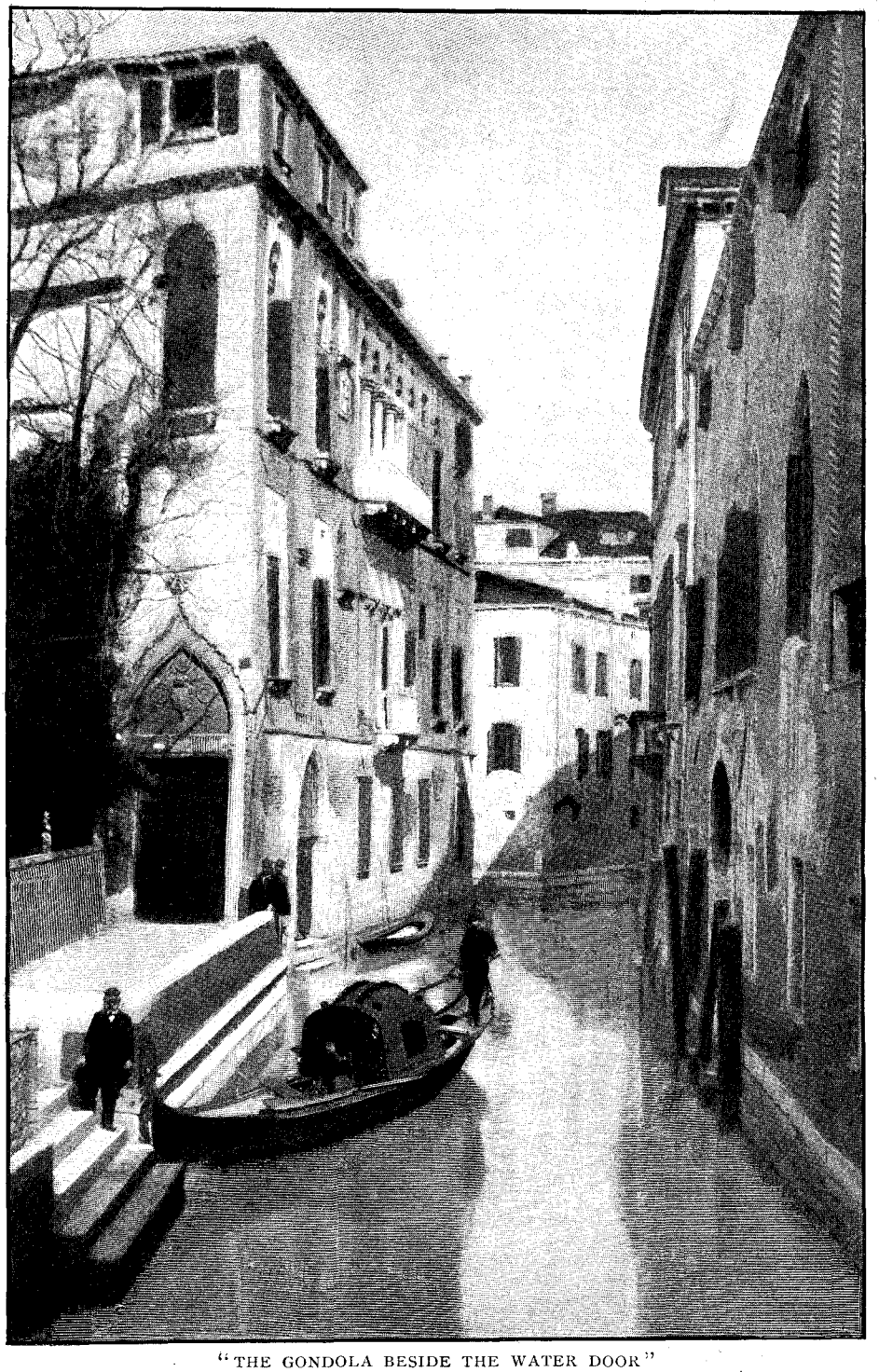

"THE GONDOLA BESIDE THE WATER DOOR"

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Venice

By Henry Atkins

This is the magic place of all the world!
Imagination's very dream come true.
Could those great flags against the church unfurled
Elsewhere have countered such delicious blue?
Only Enchantment, gayly in control
Of all things wonderful, could reunite
Such color, form, material, and soul—
Unveil a second Venice to the sight!

That gondola beside the water door
Of the Palazzo—moored beneath the trees—
There's sheer enchantment—what could move you more?
Its very mirror, trembling to the breeze,
Seems more substantial: see above the wall
Pomegranates, oleanders, pearl and red—
Watch its reflection mount to meet the fall
Of every dropping petal, wept or bled!

And domes and towers, and Art in its own clime—
Art of uplifted stone and brush and pen—
These are the past, wonders of that old time
When gods still went among the sons of men.
Then Venice bloomed, the blossom of the hour—
The last sweet petal at its heart uncurled;
Slowly they fall—but still how fair the flower!
This is the magic place of all the world!

Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen[1]

By Jacob A. Riis

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter X.—What He is Like Himself

NOW that by good luck I have after all presented in something like orderly fashion the main facts in Theodore Roosevelt's career—of which every one knows more or less, and which he regards as more or less significant, according to his attitude toward the old college professor's prediction, many years ago, that his students might rate our people's fitness for self-government by the headway Roosevelt made with his ideals and ambitions—now that we have got so far, I can hear my reader ask: "But about himself; about the man, the friend? You promised to tell us. We want to know." And so you shall. I am going to tell you now—at least, I am going to try. Here, a whole week, have I been walking about the garden, upon which winter had laid its rude hand and put all the flowers to sleep; only the wild thyme I brought down from the Berkshire Hills stands green and fragrant, as does the sunny field where I dug it, in my memory

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ever. A whole week have I walked about among the bare bushes, poking in the dead leaves, trying to think how. Something very learned and grand had come into my head. But how can you analyze your friend? Men's minds and men's motives you may analyze, if you care and have a taste that way—and a pretty mess you will make of it more than half the time. But resolve a sunbeam, or a tear, into its original elements, and what do you get? So much oxygen, perhaps; so much salt—let the chemist tell in his learned phrase; and when all is told your sunbeam and your tear have escaped you. Whatever else you have, them you have not. No, I shall not try that. I shall tell you of him just as I knew him. I like him best that way, anyhow—just as he is.

But first let me give fair warning; if there be any among my readers still-hunting for special privilege, let him get off right here; for he won't like him. Whether it be the Trust that has nothing to conceal—dear me, no!—yet most strenuously objects to the public knowing about its business; the corporation with franchises paying big dividends but no taxes; the labor leader who has stared himself blind upon the dividends, and to whom the pearly gates shall not swing unless they have the union label on them; or the every-day dolt who must have the railroad track between himself and his brother of darker skin, of different faith or tongue or birthplace; who, like the woman of the Four Hundred in Philadelphia, "must be buried in St. Peter's churchyard because, really, on resurrection day she must rise with her own set"—whichever his own particular folly in this land of no privilege and of an equal chance, and wherever found, he will be against Roosevelt, instinctively and always.

Such a man will fight Roosevelt at the polls and in the convention; he will bet his money against him, and pour it out like water across every party line that held him before, and by the measure of his success we can grade our own grip on the ideal of the Republic. That was what the professor I spoke of meant, and he was right. And so are they, according to their light. Roosevelt is their enemy, the enemy forever of all for which they stand.

Because he stands for fair play; for an even chance to all who would use it for their own and for their country's good; for a broad Americanism that cares nothing for color, creed, or the wherefrom of the citizen, so that, now he is here, he be an American in heart and soul; an Americanism that reaches down to hard-pan. "Ultimately," he said at Grant's Tomb, when Governor of New York—"ultimately, no nation can be great unless its greatness is laid on foundations of righteousness and decency." And at Syracuse on Labor Day I saw ten thousand stirred by his words: "If alive to their true interests, rich and poor alike will set their faces like flint against the spirit which seeks personal advantage by overriding the laws, whether that spirit shows itself in the form of bodily violence by one set of men or in the form of vulpine cunning by another set of men." These are his professions. I know how they square with his practice, for I have seen the test put to him a hundred times in little things and in great, and never once did he fail to ask the question, if there was any doubt about it, after all was said and done, "Which is right?" And as it was answered, so was the thing done.

His ambition? Yes, he has that. Is it to be President? He would like to sit in the White House, elected by the people, for no man I ever met has so real and deep a belief in the ultimate righteousness of the people, in their wish to do the thing that is right, if it can be shown them. But it is not that. If I know anything of the man, I know this: that he would fight in the ranks to the end of life for the things worth fighting for, rather than reach out a hand to grasp the Presidency, if it were to be had as the price of one of the principles upon which his life has been shaped in the sight of us all. He might, indeed, quarrel with the party of a lifetime, for he would as little surrender his conscience to a multitude of men as to one,[1] and he has said that he does not num

[1] Governor Roosevelt's speech to the West Side Republican Club, New York, March 1899.

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ber party loyalty with the Ten Commandments, firmly as he holds to it to get things done. Party allegiance is not a compelling force with him; he is the compelling force. "I believe very firmly," he said to the State Bar Association in New York, in 1899, "that I can best render aid to my party by doing all that in me lies to make that party responsive to the needs of the people; and just so far as I work along those lines I have the right to challenge the support of every decent man, no matter what his party may be." That is his platform, always was. In matters of mere opinion I can conceive of his changing clear around, if he were shown that he was wrong. I should expect it; indeed, I do not see how he could help it. It was ever more important to him to be right, and to do right, than to be logical and consistent.

And that really is his ambition, has been since the day he rose in the Assembly Hall at Albany and denounced the conspirators of his own party and of the other to their faces; to do the right, and to so do it in the sight of his fellowmen that they shall see that it is the right and follow it; that the young, especially, shall make the high and the right choice at the beginning of life that puts ever more urgent questions to the succeeding generations. That is the mainspring and the motive. "Because he thinks he is so much better than all the rest?" I can hear my cynical neighbor ask. No, but because to him life is duty first, always; because it gave him certain advantages of birth, of education, of early associations, for which he owes a return to his day and to his people. I wish to God more of us felt like that; for until we do, our Republic will be more of a name and of an empty boast than we have any right to let it be. Sometimes, when, in the effort of class privilege to assert itself here as everywhere, the fear comes over me that it will not last, I find comfort in the notion that it has hardly yet begun, and that it cannot be that He in whose wise purpose men must grow through struggling, will let it pass so soon. A hundred years of the Republic, and we are only beginning to understand that what it was meant to mean, and alone can be made to mean, is opportunity; that the mere fact of political freedom is in itself of little account, but can be made of ever so much; that different levels there will be in a democracy as in a monarchy, but not of rank nor, indeed, of wealth, though for a while it may seem so; but according to our grasp of the idea of the responsibilities of citizenship and its duties and standards. There is the cleavage, and his is the highest level who would serve all the rest. Service to his fellow-men; that is the keynote to Roosevelt's life, as faith in the Republic and love of country are its burning fire. Well did President Eliot, when he bestowed upon him the degree of his Alma Mater, call him a "true type of the sturdy gentleman and high-minded public servant in a democracy."

There! I freed my mind, anyhow. I was thinking, when I spoke of consistency, of the fellows who mistake stubbornness for principle, and what a beautiful mess they make of it. There came one of that kind to the Board of Health in Brooklyn, and wanted his landlord compelled to put a broken window-pane in. The landlord said it was not in the lease and he wouldn't do it. And for two weeks his wife had been sleeping under it, in danger of pneumonia every hour of the night.

"But," said they, "have you let her sleep there all this time without putting in the pane?"

"Yes, sir!" said he. "Yes, sir! I did it on principle!"

But about himself. You know how he looks. To my mind, he is the handsomest man I ever saw; and I know I am right, for my wife says so too, and that settles it. Which reminds me of the time I lectured in a New York town, with a deaf man in the audience who was no friend of Roosevelt. The chairman introduced me with the statement that he had heard that the Governor called me "the most useful man in New York." My friend with the ear-trumpet didn't quite catch it, and was in high dudgeon after the meeting.

"Didn't I tell you Teddy Roosevelt ain't got no sense?" he cried. "The idea of calling that man Riis the most

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beautiful man in New York! Why, he is as plain as can be."

By handsome I do not mean beautiful, but manly. Stern he may, indeed, appear at times, though to my mind nearly all his portraits do him hideous injustice in that respect. I have seen but two that were wholly himself. One was a pen-sketch of him on horseback at the head of his men, climbing some mountain ridge. There he had on his battle face, the dark look I have seen come in the middle of some pleasant chat with gay friends. I knew then that he was alone, and that the burden was upon him, and I felt always as if, upon some pretext, any pretext, I would like to get him away where he could be by himself for awhile. The other, curiously, was an old campaign poster from the days when he ran for Governor. It hung over my desk till the boys in the office, who used to decorate the volunteers' slouch-hat with more bows than a Tyrolese swain ever wore to the village fair, made an end of it, to my great grief. For it was the only picture of him I ever saw that had the smile his friends love. There was never another like it. And it is for them only. I have come into a room packed full of people crowding to speak with him, and seen it light up his face as with a ray of sunshine from a leaden sky, and his hand go up in the familiar salute I meet out West nowadays, but nowhere else. Odd how people, even those who should know him well, can misunderstand. "I saw him several times in Colorado," wrote one who likes him, after his recent Western trip, "and he pleased me very much by his growing tenderness toward men and animals. His chief weakness has always seemed to me his almost cruel strength." To me he has always seemed as tender as a woman. Perhaps they had been on the hunting-trail together; or on one of his long Washington walks that were the terror of his friends. I am told they lay awake nights, some of them, trembling for fear he might pick *them* out next.

By contrast there comes to me the recollection of a walk we took together in the woods out at Oyster Bay. It was after I had been sick, and some one had told him that I could not walk very fast, and must not, any more. So I infer; for we had not gone five furlongs at the old clipping gait, he a little ahead, thrashing through the bushes, when he suddenly came back and, taking my arm, walked very slowly, telling me something with great earnestness, to cover up his remorse. I have never anywhere met a man so anxiously considerate of a friend's weakness as he ever was and is, though happily in this instance there was no need of it. I have been learning to ride these days, and ride hard, to show him, and also to have the fun of going out with him again. I cannot think of anything finer.

It seems to me, when I think back now, that all the time I have known him, with all the burden and care of such a career as his on his shoulders, he was forever planning some kind act toward a friend, carrying him and his concerns with him incessantly amid the crowding of a thousand things. His memory is something prodigious. I happened once to mention to him that when next I came to Washington I would bring my little boy.

"And don't forget," I said, "when you see him to ask if he goes regularly to Sunday-school." To his laughing inquiry I made answer that the lad would occasionally be tempted by the sunshine and some game up by the golf-grounds, whereupon I would caution him to keep his record clear against the day when he would see the President, who, being the boys' as well as the papas' President, would naturally ask him if he "went regular." And of course he must back me up in this; for little boys remember, too. The thing had long since gone out of my head when I brought Vivi to the White House; but not so with him. He took him between his knees and asked him, first thing, if he went to Sunday-school like a good boy; and so the day and my reputation were saved, and the boy made happy; for he *had* kept his slate clean.

It was at that visit that, after a thorough inspection of the premises, the President asked the lad what he thought of the White House.

"Pretty good," said he. "But I like

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better to ride up and down in the elevator at the hotel." It was his first experience with an elevator, and he made full use of it.

The President considered him thoughtfully a moment. What visions of politicians and delegations passed before his mind's eye I know not; but it was with almost a half sigh that he said: "So would I, my boy, sometimes."

That slouch hat of his, by the way, at which some folks took umbrage, at the Philadelphia Convention, I don't believe he gave as much thought to, in all the years he wore it, or one like it, as did those good people in the three or four days of the convention. He did not wear it because the rough riders did, but because it is his natural head-gear. He began it in Mulberry Street, and he has kept it up ever since. He hates a stovepipe, and so do I; but I thought to honor him especially one day, when I was going traveling with him, by putting on mine; and all I got for it was, when General Greene got into the carriage with a straw hat on, a deep sigh of relief and an "Oh, I am so glad you didn't come in a top-hat," with a malicious gleam toward me. Next time I leave it home. Perhaps it was to pay me for being late. He had arranged to pick me up at my home station, when going through to the city; but his train was a full half-hour ahead of time, and who could have foreseen that? What other President, do you suppose, would have waited fifteen minutes at the depot with his special train while he sent up to the house for me, and then received me with a laugh?

That was characteristic of him, both the waiting and the being ahead of time. It was night, and there was nothing on the road to hinder, so he just slammed through. In that also he is a typical American in the best sense: given a thing to be done, he makes sure of the way and then goes ahead and does it. "The way to do a thing is to do it," might be his motto; it certainly is his way. But the man who concludes from that that he runs at it headlong makes the mistake of his life. I know absolutely no man who so carefully weighs all the chances for and against, ever with the one dominating motive in the background—"Is it right?"—to steer him straight. In the Police Department he surprised me over and over again by his quick grasp and mastery of things until then foreign to his experience. He would propose some action and turn it over to me for review because I had been there twenty years to his one; and I would point out reefs I thought he had forgotten. But not he; he had charted them all, thought of every contingency, and done it all in an hour, when I would be poring over the problem for days, perhaps weeks. And when it had all been gone over he would say:

"There! we will do it. It is the best we can do. If it turns out that there is anything wrong, we will do it over again." But I do not remember that he ever had to.

Mere pride of opinion he has none. No one ever estimated his own powers, his own capacities, more modestly than he. Something I said one day brought this matter up, and few things have touched me as did the humility with which this strong man said, "I know the very ordinary kind of man I am to fill this great office. I know that my ideals are commonplace. I can only insist upon them as fundamental, for they are that. Not in the least doing anything great, I can try, and I am trying, to do my duty on the level where I am put, and, so far as I can see the way, the whole of it." And I thought of his talk to the New York Chamber of Commerce on the "homely virtues" as a solvent of our industrial and other problems, and his counsel to every good citizen to be able and willing to "pull his own weight." He has to pull the weight of all of us along with his own. If these plain sketches help some who do not know him to make out how patiently, how thoughtfully he labors at it, how steadfastly he is on guard, I shall be glad I wrote them.

As I am writing this now, there comes to mind really the finest compliment I ever heard paid him, and quite unintentionally. The lady who said it was rather disappointed, it seemed. She was looking for some great hero in whom to embody all her high ideals,

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and, said she, "I always wanted to make Roosevelt out that; but, somehow, every time he did something that seemed really great, it turned out, upon looking at it closely, that it *was only just the right thing to do.*" I would not want a finer thing said of me when my work is done. I am glad I thought of it, for I know that he would not, either. And it comes as near as anything could to putting him just right.

Perhaps a good reason why he grasps things so quickly and correctly is that he looks for and tries to get at the underlying principles of them; deals with them on the elementary basis of right and fitness, divested of all the conceit and the flummery which beset so many things that come to the Executive of a great nation. I had gone out to see him at Oyster Bay, heavy with the anxieties of mothers all over the land who had sons soldiering in the Philippines. There was news of fighting every day, but only the names of the killed or wounded officers came by cable. There was a War Department order against sending those of the privates who fell, or who died of cholera; and it resulted that when, say, Company H of the Fifteenth Regiment had been in a battle, every mother who had a boy serving in that command went shivering with fear for six long weeks before the mails brought word whether her boy was among the "thirteen private soldiers" who fell, or not. I had been asked to put the case to the President, and get him to cut the red tape, if possible; but, against expectation, I found a tableful of soldiers and statesmen at lunch, and I saw clearly enough that it would be hard to get the President's ear long enough.

But, as luck would have it, I was put beside General Young, fine old warrior, whom I had met before, and I told him of what was on my heart. He knew of no such order when he was in the Philippines, and we got into quite a little argument about it, which I purposely dragged out till there was a lull in the talk at the President's end of the table, and I saw him looking my way. I asked him if he knew of the order.

"What order?" said he; and I told him—told him of the mothers fretting for their boys all over the land. He looked up quickly at Adjutant-General Corbin, who sat right opposite. It was what I wanted. *He* knew.

"General," said Mr. Roosevelt, "is there such an order?"

"Yes, Mr. President," said he, "there is."

"Why?" President Roosevelt wastes few words when in earnest about anything.

General Corbin explained that it was a measure of economy. The telegraph tolls were heavy. An officer had a code word, just one, to pay for, whereas to send the whole name and place of a private soldier under the Pacific Ocean might easily cost, perhaps, twenty-five dollars. The President heard him out.

"Corbin," he said, "can you telegraph from here to the Philippines?"

The General thought he might wait till he got to Washington; he was going in an hour.

"No," said the President; "no, we will not wait. Send the order to have the names telegraphed, now. Those mothers gave the best they had to their country. We will not have them breaking their hearts for twenty-five dollars or for fifty. Save the money somewhere else."

And he sent one of his rare smiles across the table, that made my heart light, and many another, from Maine to Texas. The order went out from the table then and there, and, before we had finished our luncheon, was speeding under the sea to the far East.

I was an unintentional listener that day to the instructions Generals Young and Corbin received for their interview with Emperor William; they were about to go abroad. I doubt if ever greeting from the Executive of one great country to the head of another was more informal than that, and, equally, if there ever was a heartier.

"Tell him," said the President—"tell the Emperor that I would like to see him ride at the head of his troops. By George, I would! And give him my hearty regards. Some day we shall yet have a spin together."

I hope they may. Those who know

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Mr. Roosevelt and have met the Emperor say that in much they are alike: two strong, masterful young men of honest, resolute purpose, and the faith in it that gets things done. But they face different ways: the one toward the past, with its dead rule, "by the grace of God;" the other to the light of the new day of the living democracy that in its fullness shall make of the man a king in his own right, by his undimmed manhood, please God.

I am told that the generals carried out their instructions in the spirit in which they were given, to the great delight of the Emperor, who asked General Corbin if he had ever before been in Germany. The General said, not in that part of it.

"Which part, then?" asked the Emperor.

"In Cincinnati and St. Louis, your Majesty," responded the General, and the Emperor laughed till his sides shook. His brother had told him about those cities.

We went home in the same train, and General Young and I sat together in the car. I had been reading the "Sunday-School Times," and it lay on the opposite seat, so that the General could read the title. He regarded it fixedly for a while, then poked it cautiously with the end of his stick, as who should say, "I wonder—now—what—" I read him like a book, fighting-man to the finger-tips that he is, but said nothing until curiosity got the better of him, and he asked some question about it. Then I reached out for the paper.

"Oh, yes, General! This is the paper for you. See here"—and I pointed to a column telling of all the big fighters in the Old Testament, the Maccabees and the rest, with their battles in chronological order, and what they were about. The old warrior's eyes kindled.

"Well, I never!" he said, and took the paper up with an evident respect that contrasted comically with his gingerly way of before. The General of the army will forgive me for telling on him. He has my heartiest friendship and regard. I expect to see him yet conduct a Sunday-school on Maccabean lines, and we shall all be glad. For that is what we and the Sunday-school want.

But though ordinarily President Roosevelt is the most democratic of men, he does not lack a full measure of dignity when occasion requires it. The man whom I had seen telling stories of his regiment to a school full of little Italian boys in the Sullivan Street slum, had, a little while after the interview with the generals, to receive a delegation from the French people, and it happened that one of the guests of that day was present. He told me that he never was prouder of the President and of his people than when he saw him meet the distinguished strangers. And so were they. They spoke of it as the honor of a lifetime to be received by President Roosevelt.

It is just the human feeling that levels all differences and makes kin of all who have claim to the brotherhood; searches out and lays hold of the good streak in man wherever it is found. It accounts for the patience I have known him to exercise where no one would have expected it; and it accounts, to my way of thinking, for the friendships that have existed between him and some men as far from his way of thinking in all other respects as one could well imagine. I know. I ever had a soft spot for "Paddy" Divver, with whom I disagreed in all things that touched his public life as fundamentally as that was possible. But there was a mighty good streak in "Paddy," for all his political ill-doings. As a police judge he came as near doing ideal justice in all matters that had nothing to do with politics as any man who ever sat on the bench, and he was not bothered in his quest by the law half as much. I remember—but no, "Paddy" is dead, and the story shall remain untold. Some would not understand; but I did, for I had in mind the Kadi administering justice in the gate, and this fellow needed that kind if the law *was* powerless to reach him.

I told the President when, at his recent visit to Ellis Island, he had personally heard the case of a woman detained under the rules, but whom my friend on the police bench would have discharged with a ten-dollar bill in her

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pocket, that his judgment was almost equal to "Paddy's," whereat he laughed in amusement, for our dealings—"Paddy's" and mine—had been the cause of his poking fun at me before. But when I told him of what befell me in Chicago on a visit there, he said he should presently have to cut my acquaintance, and I was bound to agree with him. I had gone to the ball of the Hon. Bath-house John's constituents, to see the show; and when their great leader heard of my being from New York, nothing was too good for me. Evidently he took me for "one of the b'ys," for when the champagne had opened wide the floodgates of liberality and companionship, he addressed me confidentially in this wise: "B'y, the town is yours! Take it in. Go where ye like; do with it what ye like. And if ye run up against trouble—ye know, the b'ys will have their little scrap with the police—come to me for bail—any crime! any crime!"

Say not that the freedom of the city by the lake has not been conferred upon me. It has. Even Mayor Harrison will have to own it.

But this chapter has outrun its space, and I haven't yet said what I had in mind concerning Theodore Roosevelt. I will drop reminiscences and settle right down to it now.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A Bright Green Pole

By Alice Ward Bailey

THE arbor-vitæ hedge between Henry Coleman's and Rob Turner's measured five feet nine. Rob, measuring six feet, could look over it; Henry, measuring five feet eight, had to stand on a soap-box which he kept for that purpose concealed under the hedge. They had been friends since childhood, since the adjoining estates had been purchased by their fathers. Henry was four years the senior, a priority which did not count now, but which placed them in different sets when they were younger, and rendered the big boy's kindness to the little one a condescension. A man cannot very well condescend to a fellow who tops him by half a head, although, it must be owned, Rob preserved the traditions of his boyhood in seeking Henry's advice upon nearly every topic which concerned him. He was seeking it this morning so early that he whistled several times before Henry appeared.

There was a troubled look in Rob's dark eyes, and he kept plucking little twigs from the hedge and throwing them aimlessly away.

"She has me in a box," he said, "and she knows it." He glanced nervously over his shoulder in the direction of the house.

"She can't hear you," returned Coleman, reassuringly. "She's banging away at the kitchen stove."

"That's another thing," exclaimed Rob. "I didn't realize she was so noisy until I began to hear every sound for May and the boy. Twice a day, regularly, she takes that stove apart. I find her bending over it, peering into the entrails, taking the omens. Then she claps it together and bangs it, as she's doing now."

"I should think you'd be glad to be rid of her."

"I should."

"Then why don't you let her go?"

"Hang it, there's no one else!"

"Pay her the extra dollar, then."

"She isn't worth it, and I can't afford to, and I won't," replied Rob, arranging his reasons according to their strength.

"You'll have to come around to a Pole."

"I can't do it," Rob answered. "I can't ask May to train a Pole."

"Do it yourself."

"You'd like to see me, wouldn't you!"

"It isn't such an enormous undertaking; they're quick to learn."

"Much you know about it. Margaret trained Zofia. You didn't have anything to do with it."

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"I could have," declared Henry.

"Besides," said Rob, "there aren't any."

"Yes, the Browns are going South. You can get theirs. She's been in this country over a year."

"We-ell, I'll think of it," said Rob, and walked away, leaving Henry to kick the soap-box under the hedge and re-enter the house.

"I wish Margaret was here," he soliloquized. Mrs. Coleman had taken her maid and gone to her mother's, where illness, dearth of servants, and a houseful of fatherless children implored her aid.

"I wish Margaret was here," he repeated. "She and Zofia could train a girl in twenty-four hours." He really believed they could.

Rob knew better. He had heard through his wife Mrs. Coleman's version of the story of Zofia's training. His heart sank as he mounted the stairs to his wife's room. He was still anxious about her. She looked up brightly as he entered, but that didn't signify. May would look up brightly if she were at the last gasp. He glanced inquiringly at Miss Galloway, the nurse. She nodded encouragingly.

"But I wouldn't let her talk much," she said, as she left the room.

As soon as they were alone together, Rob took his wife and child in his arms. The moment was too blissful for any hazard, and yet, in spite of himself, he let out a sigh which was not one of content.

"What is it, dear?" inquired his wife, tenderly. "Don't be afraid to tell me. I am quite strong now. Has anything more been broken?"

"Only the partnership," returned Rob, humorously. "Bridget and I have dissolved. I've decided to give up Irish Home Rule."

"Have you—any one in view?" inquired May, quietly, but her heart was beating an accelerando.

"Yes," Rob replied, confidently. "A *bright green Pole*."

May laughed, as she was expected to do.

"I should prefer some other color," she said, faintly.

"So should I," he acknowledged. "But Henry thinks we'll like her."

"Margaret had a time teaching hers."

"You sha'n't," returned Rob, stoutly. "I'll teach her myself."

"Oh, Rob!"

"I will. She'll be all taught when you come downstairs. You're not to think about it—! Did you ever feel anything so soft?" He touched with a diffident forefinger the top of his infant son's head.

Within a week Bridget went and Boronoça came, all smiles and blushes, to be instructed by this strange American man who used so many unintelligible words and was so very kind. He appeared to have the greatest confidence in her; she met it with corresponding zeal.

"How does she do?" inquired Henry the morning after, over the hedge.

"Do? Why, man, it's marvelous! She had a fire in the kitchen stove at five o'clock, without any one's calling her, and I had forgotten to give her any kindling—'little kindles' she calls them—so she split them herself."

"Of course you don't want to do any of those things. They expect to do them." Henry pulled complacently at his pipe.

"I've come to the conclusion," said Rob, humbly, "that the reason Poles are disliked is because they make such demands upon our ability to teach them."

Henry smiled.

"Yes, sir," continued Rob. "We defend ourselves with criticism. We feel our shortcomings. I never saw such an appetite for work."

"I thought you'd like her," said Henry, modestly. "You'll have to teach her, but—"

"Teach her?" cried Rob. "All I have to do is to give her a hint and off she goes like a trout with a line. I have to keep 'paying out;' she'll take any amount. Yes, May's doing finely, and the boy is *great!*"

Rob went towards the house as if he trod on air. The next morning he came again, not quite so exuberant in his praise.

"She's *all right*," he said, hesitatingly, "but—she's a '*plunger*.' She assumes to know everything, and of course she can't."

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"She wants to please you," said Henry.

"Yes, I know," was his reply. "But she makes such wild dashes at things, and then they're not always right. I hate to say much, she's so easily discouraged; but, then, she's just as easily set up again. But, say, aren't they queer? Does yours rap on a loaf of bread to see if it's done, and listen to it like a robin at a worm-hole? It was good bread, though, Henry. I showed her how to make it, myself."

"How'd you know?"

"Read up. I tell you this is an education which works both ways. Lucky it's my vacation. Good-by."

Two days passed before he came again. Henry was about to go around by the road to inquire into the cause, when he heard the familiar whistle.

"What's up?" he asked, as Rob's curly head appeared above the hedge.

"Nothing much," was the noncommittal reply.

"The Pole?"

Rob nodded. "Do you know that they'll lie?" he asked.

"Oh yes," returned Henry, nonchalantly. "They lie in all languages. Did you think they didn't in Polish?"

"I didn't think much about it," said Rob, soberly. "But Boronoça's lying shows care and forethought. It is the cultivation of a lifetime. I don't believe I'll ever break her of it."

"Probably not," said Henry. "But she makes good bread—"

"I can't stand and watch that girl all day," interrupted Rob, tragically. "And I'll have to if I can't trust her."

"What did she lie about?"

"About the prunes. The nurse likes them for breakfast. She says there's a great deal of iron in them. I told Boronoça to soak them over night and then stew them—that was what the nurse told me. Well, I got uneasy in the night and came down to see if they were soaking. The box hadn't been opened, and I couldn't find the hammer. It's astonishing how many places she contrives to have for things. Anyway, I didn't want to make a racket, so I let it go. I came down to breakfast and there on the table were the prunes. I knew from their looks they hadn't been soaked, but Boronoça insisted that she soaked them the night before. I saw the box unopened at two A.M. I couldn't make her own up. She actually showed fight."

"Most frightened animals do."

"But she can't do that with May."

"She won't try. Don't worry. All housekeepers have to have these ups and downs." Henry grinned, but Rob was looking the other way and did not see him.

"Another thing," he pursued, hesitatingly. "I *think* she helps herself to the dainties that are brought in for May."

"Think? How much do you know?" returned Henry, sagely.

"I don't know anything," exclaimed Rob, irritably. "I don't know half as much as I did when I began. If she'd do as I tell her—but she invariably offers a substitute! I told her to black the kitchen stove, and she went out and weeded the flower-bed. I told her to put clean papers on the pantry shelves, and she swept the sidewalk. Did you ever hear of anything so—irrelevant?"

"Probably she didn't understand."

"Yes, she did. I acted it all out for her. But she hates to put things in order. She'd rather do heavy gymnastics. I found the library waste-basket, unemptied, sitting on the ash-heap behind the barn! Henry, it's a great deal harder to be a superior than an inferior."

"Keep cool," counseled Henry. "By your own representations she has learned a good deal already. The nurse will stay four weeks longer. Boronoça will be able to run things by that time. You say she makes good bread."

"Excellent."

"And can broil and roast?"

"To perfection. She's the only girl we ever had who would stand and turn a thick steak over a hot fire until it was done, and not burn it."

"And she washes and irons well."

"First rate."

"What more do you want? May will show her about the frills. If Boronoça only doesn't pick up a man—"

"Are they—inclined that way?" faltered Rob.

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"Very much so. They'd as soon marry a man as look at him."

Rob groaned.

"Cheer up!" said Henry. "She probably won't do it right away."

"She doesn't seem to know any one," said Rob. "She sits on the back steps when her work is done and sings. She sings her way through Sunday afternoons and Thursday, when the other girls are out. It's kind of pathetic to hear her, Henry, singing that little monotonous melody over and over. Her love of flowers is pathetic, too. She can't bear to throw them away. Those that are sent down from May's room she gathers up and sets in bottles around the kitchen, bleached things, regular ghosts. She dotes on everything that grows. She almost wept when I trimmed the grape-vine. She never forgets to feed the cat and the dog. I thought"—here Rob's voice took on a tender tone—"I thought she'd be kind to the baby."

"She will; and she'll be devoted to May. They have a heap of sentiment. If she doesn't go and waste it on some man—"

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Rob, retreating.

The suggestion followed him, and made him more and more uneasy. When Boronoça came into the dining-room where he and Miss Galloway were at luncheon and announced, "Like some Josef see," he threw down his napkin and sprang up in dismay.

"What is she saying?" asked Miss Galloway, reflecting the consternation on his face.

"It's—a man," he explained. "Excuse me," and he left.

"Good mornin'-ser!" said Josef.

He was tall and good-looking, unlike the undersized, low-browed men Rob had seen in the fields. He wore his scarlet sweater jauntily. When he took off his cap, he displayed a dark, well-shaped head. Rob's heart sank.

"Boronoça," he said, sternly, over his shoulder, "go sweep the front steps."

Boronoça went, sulkily. She had swept the steps once that day, and she didn't see why she should be sent to the other side of the house when there was "a beeyutiful man" in the kitchen. Besides, there was something she wanted to ask him.

"Mr. Coleman send trim apple-tree," explained Josef.

How very inconsiderate of Henry!

"Where ladder?" demanded Josef. "An' saw?"

"I'll show you," said Rob, leading the way to the barn.

He did not leave until he had seen Josef in the top of the tallest tree. Then he returned to his luncheon. Miss Galloway had finished, and he could proceed as rapidly as he chose. He meant to be through before Boronoça—there she was now, half-way across the lawn; straight to the foot of the tree containing Josef she went, and, looking up into the branches, poured forth a continuous stream of trill and twitter and squawk, recalling to Rob's indignant ears the notes of an amorous young blackbird. "Shameless thing!" he ejaculated as he hastened after her.

"Boronoça," he called, "did you sweep the steps?"

"Yeh," she answered, promptly.

"And the walk?"

"Yeh."

"I'm through luncheon. Go in and do your dishes. And, Boronoça," he came near and spoke in a low voice, "I don't want Josef disturbed at his work."

Boronoça returned to the kitchen and her master to the library, but it was not long before Josef could be heard disturbing himself, rapping at the kitchen door and asking for a drink of water. There were more trills and twitters and squawks on Boronoça's part, and a calm flow of gutturals on the part of Josef.

"It's of no use," sighed Rob. "I might as well attempt to tie up the winds or hold back the Atlantic Ocean. Henry's got me into a nice scrape!"

He reproached his friend that very afternoon, seeking him in his own house for the purpose. "After all you'd said!" he cried, reproachfully.

"It wasn't after, it was before," returned Henry. "We talked about the apple-trees a month ago. How did Josef do?"

"He *did* well enough. They all do.

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But they are so abnormally quick about it. He had the trees all trimmed and was visiting with Boronoça before I could turn around."

Mrs. Coleman looked up from her work with a smile. Her mother was improving, and she and Zofia had returned.

"Poor Mr. Turner!" she said. "It is hard to be both housekeeper and chaperon."

"I shouldn't mind if May were about the house," said Bob, pathetically. "As it is, I don't dare let Boronoça out of my sight. I am all out of patience with her."

He showed this plainly. Boronoça studied him furtively, from under her drooping eyelids.

"Bake 'em apple?" she proposed, when he returned.

"No," he answered, abruptly. "There aren't any."

"Ye-es, bee-yu-ti-ful-nice!" she cried, producing four great smooth-skinned russets.

"Where'd you get those?" he demanded, off his guard.

"Josef," she responded, demurely. "Find in barn."

She brought them in at dessert, pared, cored, and seasoned in the way he liked. Miss Galloway exclaimed over them. Boronoça watched her master.

"Jus' eat," she begged. "No eat t'day. Little few, all-a time!"

He smiled in spite of himself. She was radiant.

"Bee-yu-ti-ful-nice cream," she urged, and brought a pitcher full.

"We never had any cream when Bridget was here," he said, reflectively. "And her baked apples were always burned."

"I think you have a treasure," said Miss Galloway.

"I wish I didn't have to watch her," he mused. "But I shall have to, until May is about again."

The next day he carried his papers from the library up into a small rear room commanding a view of the yard. Through the forenoon Boronoça was occupied; he could hear her singing over her work. Not long after noon, however, he caught a glimpse of her print gown in the orchard. He made haste to follow, slipping from tree to tree. There she was, the fascinating Josef beside her. He was offering something—was it himself? No, she wouldn't shake her head like that if it were. She was complaining, with gestures, almost with tears, of what? She had everything—except Josef; and she had him now. Still, they did not act like lovers. Was it some political rumpus, some Polish Mafia, which so exercised them?

"Much I'd know about it," complained the helpless eavesdropper, whose accomplishment in Polish was limited to '*Jak sie panv powodzy? Bardzo dobrzy?*"

Suddenly Josef darted forward, caught a dry stick from the ground, and with it made three swift strokes in the path.

"*Ah*," he said, solemnly.

"*Ah*," repeated Boronoça, with equal earnestness.

Again he plied the stick and said, "*Bay*," and Boronoça repeated "*Bay*."

Then, with a flourish, he swept a great circle.

"*Tsay*," he cried; and "*Tsay*," shouted Boronoça.

Rob silently withdrew.

"Boronoça," he said, gently, after dinner that night, "would you like to learn to read and write English?"

"Yeh," she answered, respectfully.

"Do you know Polish?"

At this she burst forth; much of what she said he could not understand, but "me no can," "my mudder letter," and "Josef me tell," gave him all he needed to know.

"Henry," he said to Coleman when they next conferred over the hedge, "just think what learning to read means to that girl!"

"I know what it would mean to you if she could read English," returned Henry, practically.

"Could she learn anything in four weeks?"

"She'd learn something," averred Henry.

"I think she would," returned Rob. "I think she would."

He began that very night, printing the letters into an old diary that he had not used. She learned them almost at a glance. Then he added a few simple, every-day words. She seized upon them

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with such avidity that suspicion of her again awoke; and when, at ten o'clock, after he had said good-night to May, he heard a low voice in the kitchen, the suspicion grew. He cautiously advanced. The lamp on the wall burned brightly. The table was covered with a red cloth. The stove was blacked, the teakettle shone. But there was no one there save Boronoça. She stood with her elbows on the table leaning over the little old diary. "C-u-p, cup," she was saying. "S-p-o-o-n, spoon."

"I wish May could see her," thought Rob. "But I don't want her to know a thing until she comes down stairs."

Brief, formal visits had been made by the invalid, leaning on her husband's arm, and Boronoça had been despatched on errands to the large, sunny upper room dedicated to the mother and child, but there had been no assumption of authority on May's part, no acknowledgment of it on Boronoça's.

"She'll consider me a usurper when I do take charge," said May.

"No, indeed," declared her husband. "You have only to lift that little finger of yours and she'll go down in a heap."

He was only too glad to prolong Boronoça's novitiate. It was fortunate that May was not within hearing, for the ambitious scholar kept up a continuous murmur: "S-t-o-v-e, stove," or "T-a-b-l-e, table."

At last one day May refused to submit to further coddling, exchanged her luxurious kimono for a neat house gown which cleared the floor, bound her long braids decorously about her head, and declared herself ready to inspect the house. Rob attended her. Miss Galloway began her packing, with one eye on the cradle.

They gave the front of the house merely a glance—there was a veneer of order, but sharp eyes saw dust in the corners—then made for the kitchen.

"Wait a minute," called Rob. "Boronoça and I have a surprise for you. Get your book, Boronoça."

Boronoça, trembling with eagerness, produced the diary. "'Good-a mornin',' " she read. "'H'it iss a nice-a day.' "

"You always begin with conversational phrases," explained Rob.

"What *is* she doing?" asked May.

"Reading," was the proud reply. "Go on, Boronoça."

"'The name of the doggie—' "

"'Dog,' " corrected her teacher.

"'Dog iss Dandy,' " finished Boronoça, and stopped for approval.

"Who taught her?" inquired May.

"*I* did," replied her husband. "I knew if she could read, all you'd have to do would be to hand her a book and let her study it out. She knows a lot of household words. Spell 'cup,' Boronoça."

"C-u-p, cup, s-p-o-o-n, spoon, repeated Boronoça, glibly. "D-i-s-h, dish."

"I gave her the principal words in the cook-book," explained Rob. "What's that, Boronoça?"

"Bif."

"And that?"

"Bakum."

"Bacon," corrected Rob. "She doesn't always pronounce a word right, but if she identifies it with the object that is the main thing. Do you think you can get along now?" He looked at his watch. "If you can, I'll go down to the office. Keep Miss Galloway till I get back." He kissed his wife, threw a careless "good girl" to Boronoça, and left the two standing there, mistress and maid, assuming for the first time their true relations. They examined each other critically. The mistress saw a heavy, sallow face, the patience of centuries, its evasions and reserves, the shoulders of a beast of burden, skillful hands.

"She will try me, but I shall find her valuable," she said to herself. The maid saw frank eyes, smiling lips, the mien of authority mingled with kindliness. She did not attempt to express what she felt except by a smile, which lit her dull features into comeliness.

"We shall be friends, I am sure," said May, holding out her hand.

Boronoça stooped, with a pretty foreign gesture, and raised it to her lips. Not a word of complaint did the new sovereign utter, but when the old one returned he found her pale and grave.

"Did Boronoça bother you? Wasn't she all right?" he asked.

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"Oh, yes," May answered. "But—where *do* you suppose I found the potato-masher? *In the library behind the couch!*"

"O-oh!" ejaculated Rob, penitently. "That was my fault. She came in with it in her hand the day Mrs. Aldrich was here, and I caught it—before Mrs. Aldrich looked—and dropped it benind the couch. I forgot all about it. And she's left it there ever since."

"I suppose she thought that was where it belonged," said May. "There were other things—but never mind, now."

"I thought," said Rob, sensitively, "that I was getting everything in line."

It was May's turn to be penitent.

"You have done wonders," she cried. "And to think of your teaching her to read!"

"She has nearly a hundred words on her list," said Rob. "If she keeps on—"

"She will be the best girl we ever had," finished May.

Boronoça "kept on," accumulated more words and many recipes, swept out the corners, and laboriously scalloped fresh papers for her pantry shelves every Saturday. Outwardly she was intensely American, but the first touch of frost reminded her and every one else that inwardly she was Polish. The keen thrust of autumn found the joints in the armor civilization had put on, and touched the wild nature beneath.

"I don't know what I shall do with Boronoça," said May to Margaret. "She is so restless and uneasy."

"They are always like that in the fall," returned Margaret. "Zofia isn't as bad this year as she was last. I suppose it will wear off in time. You know they worked in the fields in their own country, and when harvest time comes around the old habit asserts itself."

"I should think they'd be glad of a comfortable home when it gets to be as cold as this," said May, poking the fire.

"So should I," agreed Margaret, holding out her hands to the blaze. "But if they felt as we do they wouldn't sift ashes and wash windows. It's a merciful provision of nature."

She laughed light-heartedly; so did May. Neither dreamed that at that moment a "provision of nature" was playing them a trick of quite another sort. Boronoça and Zofia were taking their "Thursday afternoon out," and they were taking it as far "out" as possible, leaving the orderly town with its well-paved streets far behind. They "scuffed" the sand of the country roads with their feet, climbed fences to gather goldenrod and asters, chased a chipmunk from post to post of the rambling rail fence, until they came to Dan Simpson's farm. There they happened on a picture which, for the moment, obliterated every careful impression made by previous months of service. Dan Simpson was husking his corn. The brown field thickly set with stacks stretched away to the shadows of the wood. Here and there on the ground were piled the stubble and the little heaps of golden corn. In the shelter of the stacks men were sitting—and girls, too! Boronoça ran forward with a scream of delight. Some of the girls she knew; she had seen them at church. Two or three of the men she had seen; one, the beautiful Josef, she had talked with in Mr. Turner's orchard. He looked up, hearing her, and waved his hand. Dan Simpson himself came forward.

"Lookin' fer a job?" he inquired. "Jo, ask 'em if they want to work."

Jo put the question and named the price.

"Five cent a bushel!" repeated Boronoça. If it had been less, she would have been dazzled. The yellow ears dazzled her, and the shining brown stubble, and the October sunshine over all. The freedom of it, the zest, the gayety, combined to form an irresistible appeal. She began to unbutton her jacket and to loosen her collar, moving her head back and forth as a horse does when he is being taken out of the harness.

Zofia rebuked her. "What would you do?" she demanded in Polish.

"Just for an hour," pleaded Boronoça.

"There is no hour to spare," demurred Zofia.

"I will be home to light the fire," promised Boronoça. "Go you, if you will; I stay."

She tossed off her heavy hat and seated herself on the ground not far

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from Josef. He threw a stalk at her; she threw it back, then attacked a pile of unhusked corn. Not a girl in the company could keep pace with her; the men equaled her only by an effort. While her fingers flew, her tongue ran, on and on, with stories and proverbs, and she sang the melody with which she had consoled herself sitting on Mr. Turner's back steps. Zofia stood and watched her. Now and then she made a movement as if to unbutton her own jacket, but refrained. She had been in this country longer than Boronoça. She knew it was not easy to find the good place, and that when it was found one must not offend. The October sun, high above the horizon when they came, suddenly dropped out of sight behind the wood. Zofia resolutely walked away in the direction of home. Boronoça sang on. The husks flowed away from her lap in a stream. Still, under her lashes, she watched the short, stout figure of Zofia moving down the road. When it reached the turn, she sprang up, letting her lapful of ears fall to the ground.

"Good-by," she shouted, and, catching up her hat, began to run.

"Come back to-night," called Josef after her. "We husk by the moon."

Boronoça made no reply. She was saving her breath for running. She overtook Zofia just as she was turning in at Mr. Coleman's gate.

"First you know, you lose the good place," said Zofia, disapprovingly.

Boronoça made no reply. At that moment she did not care for the good place. She washed her supper dishes in a deep reverie, then went out and looked at the sky. The moon was young yet. There would be nights and nights of husking—at five cents a bushel—under the open heaven, in pleasant company. She drew a long breath, then ran noiselessly up to her room and put on a short dark skirt and a scarlet jacket brought from home. On her head she set a small black cap. She could hear Mrs. Turner singing to the baby. Mr. Turner was in town.

"Nobody come," she muttered. "Lock door." She hid the key under the mat, and started off across the fields.

She let herself in at midnight, undetected, and was up at five as usual. She prepared the breakfast, did her work, swept, baked, with a finish and a grace which aroused May's suspicions.

"They don't do like that unless they have uneasy consciences," she said.

"Nonsense," replied Rob. "You haven't had Poles. They're different. They haven't any consciences."

Boronoça's certainly did not trouble her. Nobody blamed her except Zofia, and Zofia was envious. She would have done the same if she had dared. Dan Simpson called her a "good girl." The other workers praised her and worked harder when she was there. That week ended and another began. They would finish by Saturday night, if the weather held. Every day was crystal clear, every night was diamond bright. As long as she lived Boronoça would never forget those days and nights. Effort was play to her. Achievement was intoxication. So they came to Saturday night, the end.

Rob was working late that night on some plans. He had told his wife not to be troubled—and not to disturb him. She awoke at midnight with a shiver. The house had grown very cold. Boronoça had forgotten to bank the furnace fire, and it was nearly out. May touched the bell which rang in Boronoça's room, and when no answer came slipped into dressing-gown and slippers and tiptoed around to ascertain the cause. The door was open. A lamp burned low. She turned up the flame and glanced hurriedly at the bed. It had not been occupied. Thoroughly aroused now, she fled to the library.

"Oh, Rob," she called. "Boronoça is not in her room!"

He looked up wearily.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"After twelve. The house was cold—"

"So it is!" he exclaimed. "Let me attend to that first."

He soon returned, and began to put on his overcoat.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Over to Henry's. I saw a light. They expected to be out late. Go back to bed, May."

His voice was stern. He felt respon-

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sible for that girl. He was the one who engaged her, taught her.

"Henry," he began, "I think we have been deceived in Boronoça."

"I'll call Zofia," said Henry.

Zofia gladly told all she knew. She had been expecting just such an opportunity.

"I'll go over to Dan Simpson's," said Rob, "and I'll tell him some things."

"We'll stay with May," said Margaret.

Rob could not have told just what he expected to find—a barrel of beer, no doubt—dancing, probably. They would wind up with something of the sort. Now that Boronoça had had a taste of the wild merrymaking rife among the Poles in that locality, could she be induced to settle down again into the tame existence she had led? Yet how could he let her go? The thought of his well-cooked dinners and his immaculate linen, and the hard-earned dollars which Boronoça had helped him save, weakened his first resolution to discharge her on the spot. He would relieve his pent-up feelings on Simpson, but with Boronoça he would be kind, though firm. He heard the sound of voices before he reached the farm. They were not drunken voices; they were gay, good-humored, but not drunken. Simpson was saying something to them. He was paying them off. They lined up before him, the men in their jerseys, the girls in close-fitting jackets, many bareheaded. Now it was Boronoça's turn.

"One hundred and seventy-five bushel," announced Simpson.

Every one cheered.

"Makes eight seventy-five," said Simpson, handing her the money.

Again every one cheered.

"T'anks," said Boronoça. "Good-a night."

Like a bird she flew across the fields. Rob emerged from his shelter by the barn and followed slowly. The night was as bright as day. Far before him he could see that flying figure. It did not pause.

The air was an elixir. It had already relaxed the strain of study and dispelled the fogs of worry. He was thinking calmly, reasonably, now. After all, what had the girl done? She had invested her surplus energy where it made sure returns, not in foolish dissipation, but in honest work, honestly rewarded. She had not neglected any household task. What could he charge her with, save being out late? And he remembered now that no stipulation had been made, when he engaged her, as to hours.

May met him at the door.

"Boronoça's come," she whispered. "She came ten minutes ago. Margaret stayed. I didn't say anything."

"I wouldn't," said Rob.

"Aren't you going to say anything?"

He shook his head.

"Not till I know a good deal better than I do now *what to say!*"

Freneau's Poems[1]

THE second volume of Professor Pattee's very complete collection of Freneau's work covers the first poetic period, 1775–1781, and the era of "The Freeman's Journal," 1781–1790, when Freneau was most prolific as a satirist and as a poet. This work is on a much more elaborate scale than Freneau's positive contributions to American literature would justify; but the scale is not too elaborate when his significance as a pioneer poet and his relation to the Revolutionary period are taken into account. If his verses were sifted and that which is of permanent value as poetry collected, there would be left but a very small residuum; yet even the rest of Freneau's work is valuable because it reflects the mood of a stirring and eventful period, and because it furnishes rich material for the historian of the future. The republication of his work on so elaborate a scale is further proof of that movement towards the recovery of our own past which has made such progress during the past few years; and Professor Pattee's work, like the admirable work of the late Professor Moses Coit Tyler, is not only a contri-

[1] *The Poems of Philip Freneau: Poet of the American Revolution.* Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee. Vol. II. The University Library, Princeton, N. J.

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bution to our literature, but also to our early National history.

Freneau was chiefly and foremost, so far as we are concerned, a lyrical poet; but to his own generation he was chiefly and foremost a satirical poet, with command of a sharp, stinging, biting style, with great skill in hitting the weak points of his enemies and in pointing out their defects and failures. The temper of the Revolutionary period on the side of its bitterness, the hate of the moment, has left no more important document than Freneau's satirical poems. If one wishes to see what the patriots thought of George III., of the King's party in England, and of the Tories in the colonies, he will find an expression of that thought in the most malicious possible form in Freneau. Freneau hated the sinner quite as much as he hated the sin, and took a very human delight in excoriating the Tory as well as denouncing Toryism. His satire is very uneven, but at its best it is swift, relentless, incisive, and biting. It cuts to the bone. In the midst of this bitterness there are bits of pure poetry—the first naïve, spontaneous utterances of the poetic spirit in our literature. Everybody remembers Scott's eulogy of the lines "To the Memory of the Dead at Eutaw Springs," which he called "as fine a thing as there is of the kind in the language;" and everybody remembers also that the author of "Marmion" took the line "And snatched the spear, but left the shield" from that poem and used it with a very slight change. The transfer was undoubtedly made inadvertently. Everybody remembers, too, that Campbell borrowed without credit from Freneau the second of the very apt lines,

The hunter still the deer pursues—
The hunter and the deer, a shade.

Perhaps the best known of Freneau's poems, certainly one of the most graceful of them, is the charming little ode to

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet;
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white array'd—
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

From morning scenes and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

This, however, is not better than two equally felicitous stanzas taken from a poem which is otherwise of the most conventional eighteenth-century type:

So nightly on some shallow tide,
Oft have I seen a splendid show;
Reflected stars on either side,
And glittering moons were seen below.

But when the tide had ebbed away,
The scene fantastic with it fled,
A bank of mud around me lay,
And seaweed on the river's bed.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Adventures du Dernier Abencerage (Les). By Chateaubriand. Edited by Victor E. François, A.M. William R. Jenkins, New York. 4½×6 in. 125 pages. 25c.

Cambridge Modern History (The). Planned by the Late Lord Acton, LL.D. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., G. W. Prothero, Litt.D., and Stanley Leathes, M.A. Vol. II. **The Reformation.** The Macmillan Co., New York. $4, net.

Of the distinctive features of this work, produced by the collaboration of specialists, we have spoken in extended reviews of Volumes I. and VII. The title of the present volume is a conveniently brief designation of that period of struggle against the evils of the time, partly religious, partly political, that comprised, roughly speaking, the first half of the sixteenth century. The nineteen chapters of the history are contributed by twelve writers, authorities in their several fields. The marks of scientifically treated history are manifest at many points in discriminating judgments. The chapter contributed by Principal Fairbairn on the "Tendencies of European Thought in the

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Age of the Reformation" is specially illuminating. In short, we have here a volume which, with whatever defects, outranks all others in this frequented field. The appended bibliography fills more than a hundred pages.

Canada in the Twentieth Century. By A. G. Bradley. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 428 pages. $4, net.

Mr. Bradley's work is one of great interest and importance. Its principal interest to those on this side of the border lies in his description of the exodus of Americans to northwest Canada, a movement which during the last few years has achieved large proportions. No one has pointed out more flatteringly than has Mr. Bradley that this movement is one not only of quantity but of quality. Never in the history of Canada, says our author, have such valuable settlers been received. "Any Canadian on the spot will admit them to be possessed of a peculiar mixture of nerve, buoyancy, and enterprise, an indefinable kind of combination that is not found in quite the same degree even among his Majesty's industrious and energetic subjects in the Canadian Northwest." Concerning another and much smaller immigration, that of the Doukhobors, Mr. Bradley has also some interesting opinions. He represents these Russians as honest, trustworthy, with some rather quaint ideas of modesty, but with an "intemperance of religion." Their troublesome disposition comes in a measure, he thinks, from the brutality of former Russian officials. We are glad to note that the vast wheat-growing possibilities of the Canadian Northwest are adequately presented. "The further north you go in America, the better the wheat, and the line seems only limited by that at which a reasonably comfortable existence can be led by human beings and by the caprices of late and early frosts." As to the more familiar aspect of the French-Canadian movement to this country, seemingly offsetting the newer movement of Americans to the Northwest, Mr. Bradley reaffirms the statement of other observers that the Canadians do not bid a final adieu to their own country, nor do they usually become American citizens.

Chronicles of a Pioneer School from 1792 to 1833. Compiled by Emily Noyes Vanderpoel. Edited by Elizabeth C. Barney Buel, A.B. The University Press, Cambridge, Mass. 6½×10 in. 465 pages. $3.50.

History may be learned through familiar letters perhaps better than in any other way. Those who wish to obtain at first hand a capital account of social life in America between 1792 and 1833 may well peruse this sumptuous volume. Of course it recites first of all the history of the Litchfield Female Academy, long the only institution in New England for the higher education of young women. More and more this Academy became the resort of the daughters of influential families, and the school life of the pupils is pictured, together with its contemporary conditions, by diaries and letters.

Deliverance (The). By Ellen Glasgow. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 543 pages. $1.50.

Beyond question the most important work of fiction so far published in 1904. We shall speak of this novel at some length probably in the next issue of The Outlook.

Demosthenes on the Crown. Edited by William Watson Goodwin. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 296 pages. $1.10.

Elements of English Composition: Designed for Use in Secondary Schools. By Tu'ey Francis Huntington, A.M. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 373 pages. 60c.

En Voyage: A Collection of Conversations in French and English, Adapted to the Use of Tourists and Classes. By T. M. Clark. William R. Jenkins, New York. 5×7½ in. 121 pages.

Evelina, or the History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World. By Fanny Burney. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 477 pages. $2.

Readers of Fanny Burney's delightful story are to be congratulated that they can now have it with illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson. He of all men was precisely the person to draw the characters and costumes which belong to this book. We judge that Mr. Thomson's work in illustrating "Evelina" will be accepted as of the same quality with that to be found in the drawings for "Cranford" and for Jane Austen's books—and higher praise could hardly be given. As to "Evelina" itself, surely nothing need be said at this late day. It retains in a remarkable manner the freshness of youth and vivaciousness diffused into it by its girl author, and one can share anew the delight and even surprise which so overwhelmed good Dr. Burney when he discovered that his child had really written a novel, and the ponderous but earnest approval expressed by gruff old Dr. Johnson at his little friend's leap into literature.

Great Awakening of 1740 (The). By Rev. F. L. Chapell. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 4½×7½ in. 144 pages.

Historic Highways of America. Vol. X. The Cumberland Road. Illustrated. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. 5×7½ in. 208 pages. $2.50, net.

The latest addition to the valuable series entitled "The Historic Highways of America" has to do with the Cumberland Road. This survival of Washington's and Braddock's roads from the Potomac to the Ohio is perhaps more really historic than any other road used to-day in America. The volume is thus one of particular interest.

Homebuilders (The). By Karl Edwin Harriman. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 329 pages.

Here is a collection of stories or character-sketches by an author who is totally unknown, to us at least, but who deserves to be better known. Mr. Harriman's subject is the Pole in America. Some of his little tales are pathetic, some have a touch of humor, but all are real and true transcripts from actual life. The underlying element of most of them is the feeling that the Pole bears to his adopted country; and many

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readers who have been wont to regard the Pole as an ignorant and vicious foreigner who stays for a while and then returns to Europe will be surprised at the evidently sincere feeling which is shown to pervade some at least of the Polish-American communities. This book has value not only as a vigorous bit of semi-fiction, but because its sociological views are clear and appeal to a sense of justice and right.

Homeric Stories for Young Readers. By Frederic Aldin Hall, Litt.D. (Eclectic School Readings.) The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 200 pages.

Latin Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By George M. Lane, Ph.D., LL.D. (Revised Edition.) The American Book Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 584 pages.

No more patiently elaborated work on this subject by an American scholar has been published than Professor Lane's, who left it at his death awaiting the final touches to a thirty years' study. In this revised edition of a manual which has been generally recognized as of the highest rank the principal change introduced, besides a variety of minor corrections, is in the chapter on "Sound," which has been rewritten and expanded. Professor Lane's Grammar is of the kind which is intended to accompany the student from the start to the mastery of every detail required of the accomplished Latinist—different type distinguishing the grades of advancing study. For grammars of smaller compass, adequate to the needs of those content with the ability to read Latin fairly well, there is still a field.

Life of John Colborne, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton: Compiled from His Letters, Records of His Conversations, and Other Sources. By G. C. Moore Smith, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 439 pages. $5, net.

Reserved for later notice.

London Manual for 1904 (The). Edited by Robert Donald. (Eighth Year of Publication.) Edward Lloyd, Limited, London. 5×7½ in. 360 pages.

Memoirs of Rufus Putnam (The). Compiled and Annotated by Rowena Buell, Marietta, Ohio. Published by the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Ohio. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 460 pages.

Rufus Putnam not only made history; he recorded it. He kept a journal, and he kept the letters written to him, together with copies of those which he wrote. The publication of his journal, letters, memoranda, and explanatory indorsements of various papers is of distinct value to all students of history who wish to gain exact knowledge of the winning of the American West. In these papers Rufus Putnam is portrayed chiefly in his official character. We see in him a trusted counselor of George Washington, as well as the founder of the first permanent settlement in the Northwest Territory. The book is one of those volumes in which biography and history seem to have equal value. A brave leader of brave men, we follow General Putnam's course through the Colonial wars, the Mississippi explorations, the Revolutionary War, the formation of the Ohio Company, the Indian War, and the first settlements in the Northwest Territory. Many interesting and notable characters cross the stage, Washington of course, Alexander McDougall, General Wayne, Robert Howe, Winthrop Sargent, General Heath, General Wilkinson, Timothy Pickering, Albert Gallatin. It is a satisfaction to us that so worthy a memorial as this well-printed volume has now been made to a man whom Washington declared to be the best engineer officer on our side, whether French or American. His name will always be associated with West Point, which he not only selected as a place to be fortified, but for which he also constructed the fortifications. This was followed later by his greater service in saving the Northwest from slavery. The story of Putnam's life is told with modesty, straightforwardness, and compelling sincerity.

Mrs. M'Lerie. By J. J. Bell. The Century Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 230 pages. $1.

Readers of fiction seem to be divided into two camps as to liking or not liking Mr. Bell's Scottish tales. It is certain that his first book, "Wee Macgreegor," has had a very large reading. It is equally certain that it was faithful in its presentation of Glasgow dialect and that it had a touch of universal humanity which made the book more than an amusing presentation of humble life. To some readers, however, the dialect seemed almost insurmountable and the sketches monotonous in subject. The same opinions will be held by differing critics as to Mr. Bell's new book.

My Friend Prospero. By Henry Harland. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 317 pages.

Light, dainty, graceful, and whimsical are the adjectives that best describe Mr. Harland's new story. Just these attributes made "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" and "The Lady Paramount" delightful reading to those who love to give fancy an easy rein and to welcome the romance of joy and wit. Now again the author takes us to Italian scenes, and there weaves a pretty and delicately wrought texture, with pleasant, youthful figures. The story is slight, but the talk is charming, and the three or four characters have individuality. Best among them, to our liking, is the quaint little Italian girl, precocious yet childlike. The tone of the book throughout is buoyant and of a refined gayety.

Personalia: Intimate Recollections of Famous Men. By "Sigma." Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 324 pages. $1.25. net.

Few books of this general character have been printed of late years with so many and so amusing anecdotes. There has been a decided revival of interest in books of personal reminiscence and literary anecdote, and if the large number of volumes in this class of reading that continue to be put forth can maintain the level as to entertaining qualities reached by this book, the leaning of public taste in this direction will

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certainly be justified. The authorship of "Personalia" is not, we believe, generally known, but it is evident that the author has had ample opportunities for meeting English people of distinction, and especially in the fields of law, literature, and the church, and to a less extent political life. His reminiscences begin with his public school, Harrow, in the early sixties. They include glimpses of Thackeray and the men of his time, and they come down to the present date. The book is a delightful one to pick up for a half-hour's reading. One can hardly turn more than two or three pages without coming across some jovial story, and the proportion of those that are new is large.

Poems. By Wilfrid Earl Chase. Published by the Author, 302 Chase St., Madison, Wis. 5½×7¾ in. 20 pages. 50c.

Points at Issue and Some Other Points. By Henry A. Beers. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7 in. 273 pages. $1.50, net.

The essays, mostly reprinted from various periodicals, that have been collected in this volume give it a many-sided interest. "Literature in Colleges" and "Æsthetic Botany," "Literature in the Civil War" and "Dialect on the Old Stage," "Emerson's Transcendentalism" and "The Queen of Hearts" (Elizabeth, daughter of James I., ancestress of Queen Victoria), are titles indicative of wide attractiveness in a volume characterized throughout by ample learning, scholarly discrimination, and literary finish. The "points at issue" are outnumbered by the "others."

Popular History of the Free Churches (A). By Silvester Horne, M.A. Illustrated. (Sixth Edition.) James Clarke & Co., London. 5×7½ in. 449 pages.

Baptists, Congregationalists, and others, who are usually styled by Anglicans "Dissenters" or "Nonconformists," prefer to style themselves collectively "Free Churches"—as free from State connection or control. In the interest of their present struggle to emancipate popular education from control by the State Church, Mr. Horne, a leader among English Congregationalists, has written this history of the struggle in England during the last three hundred years, and in Scotland during the last two hundred, for religious freedom. Issued last March, twenty thousand copies have already been called for. To American readers it possesses the interest which those for whom a long and sore battle has been won may find in the story of a conflict in whose final stage their kinsmen are still engaged.

Spectra of Stars of Secchi's Fourth Type (The). By George E. Hale, Ferdinand Ellerman, and John A. Parkhurst. (Reprint from the University of Chicago Decennial Publications. First Series. Vol. VIII.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8×11 in. 151 pages. $1.50, net.

Story of Enid the Good (The): A Supplementary Reader Prepared for the Seventh Grade. By Sara D. Jenkins. The Educational Publishing Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 57 pages.

Tradition versus Truth. By John S. Hawley. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 242 pages.

Valentines. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

A numerous collection of valentines of all kinds—comic, sentimental, and fanciful. Many of them are delicately wrought, dainty, and ingenious, while the humorous ones are free from the vulgarity that is too common in comic valentines.

Wind-Swept Wheat (The). By Mary Ainge De Vere ("Madeline Bridges"). Richard G. Badger, Boston. 5¼×7¾ in. 95 pages. $1.25.

Correspondence

What is the Matter at Harpoot?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

During the last few months the American papers have frequently mentioned troubles at Harpoot—the arrest and imprisonment of one of the Professors of Euphrates College; an attempt to burn one of the college buildings; the general presence of fear, etc. What is the occasion of all this?

The Harpoot district has generally been regarded as one of the most quiet parts of the Empire, although the outlying portions are full of Koords, and in the terrible events of November, 1895, this region suffered more than almost any other. About the first of June the Vali—Governor-General—of this province went on a tour of inspection to some other parts of the vilayet, and he left in his place a military officer who had no experience in civil administration. The seat of government for the vilayet is three miles from this city. At the same time the Governor of this city was transferred to another place, and his successor did not arrive till several weeks afterward. The *locum tenens* was the Judge, a young, frivolous fellow, wholly unfitted for the place, and a tool in the hands of evil men. Just at this juncture four Martini rifles were found in the house of one of our neighbors, a poor, inoffensive man. They were in a room which is under the care of the Turkish owner of the house, but who put them there is a mystery. The Turk was not arrested, but the Armenian tenant and his young wife were imprisoned. Both were tortured to make them confess that there was a conspiracy against the Government, and that such and such persons, prominent men, and among them Professor Tenekejian, were members of a revolutionary committee. The wife was released after two days, but she was confined to her bed for two weeks from the beating and other ill-treatment which she received. Her husband was beaten so badly that the police thought he was dying, so they threw him from an upper window expecting that it would kill him, and they would report that he had

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thrown himself from the window in an effort to escape. The poor man did not die, but both his legs were broken and he is a cripple for life. He is still in prison.

The finding of these guns was used by some of the enemies of the Vali and the enemies of the College here to try to prove that there was a genuine political conspiracy here; that the Vali neglected his duty; and that the College fostered revolutionary schemes. Men were beaten to make them declare that I furnished funds to the committee through Professor Tenekejian. The police became the tools of men who took advantage of the absence of the real governing officials, and the common people among the Turks were stirred up with the idea that the Armenians were plotting against the Government. Houses were searched, arrests were made, and instead of moving quietly in their work the officials seemed to take pains to excite the Turks and to unsettle confidence, so that for two or three months the condition here was one of no little peril. The Vali returned from his tour an invalid and incapacitated for service, and his successor's arrival was long delayed. It was during this interval that the attempt was made to burn one of our buildings. I need not say that, as we enjoy the protection of the Turkish Government, loyalty to the Government is one of the first lessons taught in the College. I asked a prominent Turk not long ago what was the reason that there was so much opposition to our schools, and why this crusade, and he replied that ignorance is profitable in this country, and he said that our only fault was that we opened the eyes of the Armenians! When I spoke to the Superintendent of Schools for the vilayet about this opposition, he said, "We have never for a moment had any suspicion of your schools, and we are not at all responsible for the talk against you."

The arrests began nearly seven months ago. During the preliminary examinations the men were kept in solitary confinement, and their examinations were mostly conducted at night, and the reason seems to have been that the cries of the tortured prisoners need not be heard too generally. They were heard, however, by many. Thirty-nine persons were indicted, and the trial began the 10th of August. I have attended the trials regularly, and while there may be a few persons whose sentiments are not thoroughly loyal, especially three or four from abroad, it is as clear as day that there is no conspiracy here, no "committee," and that many of the prisoners had not even a speaking acquaintance with one another. As only one charge is made, it seems to be impossible to release those against whom not a particle of evidence has been brought, and separate them from those whose case is suspicious; and as there have been complications and delay in procuring witnesses, the affair has dragged till this time, and there is danger that it may not be concluded for some months yet. It is said that some men have been arrested in Sivas who have some relation to others from that district who are in prison here. An order has come from Constantinople to send such persons to Harpoot, and to connect their trial with those who are in prison already. The examination of the prisoners arrested in the summer was finished weeks ago. Nothing remains for them but the pleas for the defense, and yet they must wait for new prisoners and new witnesses to come from a distance.

From an ordinary point of view the whole affair seems ludicrous. After ransacking the Armenian houses of the region, not more than a dozen or fifteen weapons of any sort have been found, while the houses of Turks are well armed, and Turks carry weapons openly. What has the Government to fear from these few Armenians? As for Professor Tenekejian, if there is any one thing against which he is particularly severe it is the idea of an Armenian revolution. He has used great care that no such sentiment should find a place in the College. He is a man of high character and standing, and he has been the most prominent man in the College, hence his present misfortune. Every possible effort has been made here and at Constantinople to secure his release upon bail, but in vain. H. N. BARNUM.

Harpoot, Turkey, December 18, 1903.

Since the above was written I learn that 291 Bulgarian prisoners, in a very destitute condition, have arrived in Diarbekir, that they are confined in a khan, and that thirty of them have died since their arrival a few days ago. Thousands of exiles of the Young Turk party are scattered through the country.

A Foster Housewife

Organized charity marks its progress, not by the discovery of new forms of relief, but by the application of ever-improving methods to the time-old service of bettering the condition of the poor. It is too much to expect that every era of the world should see the discovery of new remedies for those ills that are as old as humanity. To all humanity the remedies are as familiar as the ills themselves—work for idleness, food for hunger, clothing for nakedness, warmth for cold, medicine and nursing for sickness, cleanliness and order for filth and disorder. But in the ways of providing these remedies and of making them not only curative but instructive and preventive, modern philanthropy continues to improve, to expand, and to make valuable innovations.

The latest addition to the working staff of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor is the visiting housekeeper or "foster housewife," as she has been called. Her work is not new work—it is as old and as familiar as home and mother and children. It is not done with any display of science, any demonstration of "new idea" experiments—it is the homely beautiful work of the mother for her home and family, the daily and hourly "cleaning

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up," the countless little acts of domestic and personal service which go so far toward assuring comfort, health, and happiness.

For sixty years the regular visitors of the Association have entered the homes of the poor as friends, as benefactors, as counselors and instructors. There have always been the wish and the effort to combine with the friendly direction and material relief that more intimate manual service which makes the dull room brighter, the invalid more comfortable, the neglected home clean and orderly, the domestic life sweet and wholesome. With the increasing demands upon the trained philanthropic workers of a great city, the opportunities to perform these special acts of usefulness are becoming rarer, and heartfelt satisfaction has witnessed the unequivocal success of the foster housewife, who is not a trained philanthropist, but a strong, clean, capable, always cheerful houseworker. Unfamiliar with the rules of social science, she is proficient in the art of making work easy and pleasant. Many a disheartened and careless woman has watched her busy hands and smiling face and listened to her cheerful singing until interest has deepened into inspiration, and two happy women have finished the day's work that one began. Many a mother sick and anxious has watched with grateful relief the transformation in disordered home and neglected children, as the simple meals have been prepared, the little ones washed, and the rooms made comfortable as if by magic.

A few quotations from the brief daily notes of the visiting housewife will tell their own story of varied service, of useful example, of dark places made bright:

"Mrs. M—— sick in bed; combed her hair, sent children to school, had their lunch ready at noontime, made toast and cocoa for Mrs. M——, cleaned the rooms."

"Showed Mrs. B—— how to clean the windows and how to make soup, helped with the washing, bought wash-board and boiler, took care of the baby, who was very cross, while his mother had a rest."

"Made the fire and prepared breakfast, washed five children, bought two combs and hairbrush, washed the dishes, cleaned the kitchen, swept two other rooms."

"Visited Mrs. S——, very old and feeble, cleaned her rooms, cleared away eight pails of ashes, made tea, cleaned the kitchen pantry, bought oilcloth for the shelves, bought scrubbing-brush and soda."

"Fed three babies, washed them, made beef-tea for sick mother, scrubbed the kitchen, swept and dusted the bedroom, washed the pictures, cleaned the stove, bought stove-polish and brush."

"Washed from 9 to 11 A.M., bought clothespins and washing-powder, showed Mrs. C—— how to clean the beds, took care of the baby while she got supper ready, showed her how to set the table, as the children had never sat down at the table for their meals."

"Woman very sick yet, but improving. Made her comfortable, cooked lunch for the children, cooked supper for the father and children, bought broom and soap."

"Did the washing, made toast and tea for the mother, made two beds, took care of the twins, cleaned the windows, took in the washing, bought dishpan."

"Mamie, twelve years old, is the housekeeper, as her grandmother cannot move from her chair. Taught Mamie how to clean a shelf; will go on Saturday and show her how to sweep and dust."

"Reached house 9 A.M., found four children alone, sadly neglected, one sick, the mother away in hospital. Washed four children's heads, cut one child's hair, bathed them all and put on clean clothes, burned some of the bedclothes and went to office for new ones, cleaned two rooms and beds, made beds, cooked soup for children and left them very happy when their father came home 6 P.M. Bought saucepan, kettle, and wash-basin. Will go every day till the mother is well and home again." H. I.

Popular University Extension

More than a hundred churches, social settlements, missions, and societies working for the poor in New York City are depending on the aid given to their benevolent work by the trained teachers supplied to them by the People's University Extension Society of New York—a society whose plans and methods are applicable in many American cities. Manual and domestic training of many kinds, besides hygiene, sanitation, and household science generally, form the subjects of the instruction given. In addition to all this a staff of skilled physicians is employed through the year in the instruction of mothers in the care of children and the prevention of disease. In this respect, and as a feeder of the philanthropic work undertaken by a multitude of specific charities, the plan and the achievement of this society are alike admirable. Dr. Rainsford, who knows it well as an ally of his work at St. George's, says of it, "I do not know anything better or more timely." It supplements the public-school system in ways indispensable to the children of the poor. Its instruction in manual training draws many a wild boy from the "gang" to the class-room. The city is dotted all over with the lights it kindles. Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church, testifies that it is "a magnificent work." But its opportunities exceed its resources, and it has to refuse many applicants for teachers simply for lack of means. Such a work should not suffer any curtailment. Among its officers are such men as Bishop Greer, Dr. MacArthur, and Mr. Jacob A. Riis; its President is Mr. Rossiter Johnson, and its Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. J. Eugene Whitney, to whom donations may be addressed at No. 105 East Seventeenth Street.

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